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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Records of My Life. By the late John Taylor, Esq. author of "Monsieur Tonson." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Bull.

For half a century few men were better known upon town, as the phrase is, and especially in the dramatic circles, than Jack Taylor, as he was called by his familiars. Connected with the periodical press, when its columns were not so crowded as they now are with a noisy throng, among whom it is difficult to distinguish individual forms, he associated intimately with politicians, and players, and artists, and authors, for very many years; and it is of these parties that his reminiscences treat. It is impossible that such a work could be otherwise, than entertaining, and this publication is eminently so; though it must be confessed, at the same time, that it is loose and unconnected, occasionally inaccurate and mistaken, guilty now and then of repetitions and of venerable anecdotes, and not always agreeing with itself. Still, these blemishes occur but on trifling matters, and hardly detract from the general interest, which we see the noted men and women of the present and last two generations marshalled before us, their names suggesting to the writer curious stories respecting them, and amusing sayings, either observed by himself or handed down to him by hearsay.

Taylor was a strange character. Lively, facetious, a most inveterate punster, he frequently gave great animation to company, both by saying and provoking good things. A certain spice of malice rather heightened than marred his effects; and if sometimes carried a little too far, there were other times when few persons could cope with him in playing the agreeable, relating *bon-mots*, and droll incidents, and in a jocularly almost peculiar to himself. We remember on such occasions advising him to commit his inexhaustible fund to writing; but his reply always was, that though his stores of memory were elicited by conversation, he could not give them consistency for narrative and publication. And these records shew that his estimate was well founded, though there is enough, in any way, to constitute one of the most amusing pieces of biographical and anecdotal gossipry that has been produced in our language. Of this we shall now proceed to select illustrations; not thinking it necessary to trouble our readers with the author's family, birth, parentage, and education, farther than that he was the son of a reputable surgeon, descended from the famous Cavalier Taylor, and brought up to the profession of an oculist. We commence, however, with an ancestral tradition.

"I learned (says Mr. T.) from Dr. Monsey, one of my father's earliest and warmest friends, that my great grandfather was an eminent surgeon at Norwich, and highly respected in his private, as well as professional character. He had so grave and dignified an aspect and demeanour, that the superstitious among his neighbours imputed supernatural

knowledge to him, and upon any disasters and losses consulted him as a *conjuror*. No mistake of that kind was ever made respecting any other part of our family that I ever heard of. Dr. Monsey related the following story as a proof of my great grandfather's reputation for supernatural knowledge and wisdom. A countryman had lost a silver spoon, and, excited by my venerable grandsire's reputed powers above the ordinary race of mankind, waited on him, requesting to know whether or not the spoon had been stolen, and, if so, desiring that he would enable him to discover the thief. The old gentleman took him into a garret which contained nothing but an old chest of drawers, telling the simple rustic, that in order to effect the discovery, he must raise the devil, asking him if he had resolution enough to face so formidable and terrific an appearance. The countryman assured him that he had, as his conscience was clear, and he could defy the devil and all his works. The surgeon, after an awful warning, bade him open the first drawer, and tell what he saw. The man did so, and answered, 'Nothing.' 'Then,' said the reputed seer, 'he is not there.' The old gentleman, again exhorting the man, in the most solemn manner, to summon all his fortitude for the next trial, directed him to open the second drawer. The man did so, with unshaken firmness, and in answer to the same question repeated, 'Nothing.' The venerable old gentleman simply said, 'Then he is not there,' but, with increased solemnity, endeavoured to impress the sturdy hind with such awe as to induce him to forbear from further inquiry, but in vain; conscious integrity fortified his mind, and he determined to abide the event. My worthy ancestor then, with an assumed expression of apprehension himself, ordered him to prepare for the certain appearance of the evil spirit on opening the third drawer. The countryman, undismayed, resolutely pulled open the drawer, and being asked what he saw, said, 'I see nothing but an empty purse.' 'Well,' said the surgeon, 'and is not that the devil?' The honest countryman had sense enough to perceive the drift of this ludicrous trial, and immediately proclaimed it over the city of Norwich. The result was, that my venerable and humorous ancestor was never again troubled with an appeal to his divining faculty and magical power, but was still more respected for the good sense and whimsical manner in which he had annihilated his supernatural character, and descended into a mere mortal."

Our next selection is related of a Mr. Donaldson, a literary man with whom the writer was intimate in his younger days.

"In order to attend the house of commons he had taken apartments in St. Anne's church-yard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised; and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a

similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted any thing before he retired to rest: disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress, kept him long awake: at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep he dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavourable, or rather repulsive countenances and demeanour of the two women, precluded all hopes of renewed sleep; and it being the summer season, he rose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit a house of such alarm and terror. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed, as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishopsgate-street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. He stated, that in a few hours after he returned with a friend, to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and the mistress: he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors; but, on entering the house, they found that it was deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in the state which the gentleman's dream had represented. Before I make any observations on the subject, I shall introduce a recital of a similar description, and care not if scepticism sneer, or ridicule deride, satisfied that I heard it from one on whose veracity I could most confidently depend. I will, however, not take leave of Mr. Donaldson, though I could with pleasure dwell much longer on the memory of so valuable a friend. The extraordinary story to which I have alluded, I heard from what I consider unimpeachable authority. Mrs. Brooke, whom I have already mentioned, told me that she was drinking tea one evening in Fleet-street, where a medical gentleman was expected, but did not arrive till late. Apologising for his delay, he said he had attended a lady who suffered under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty in swallowing. She said that she traced the cause to the following circumstance. When she was a young woman, and in bed with her mother, she dreamed that she was on the roof of a church struggling with a man who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a carman's frock, and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again; but the impression of her dream was so strong, that she could not comply. In the evening of the following day, she had appointed to meet her lover at a bowl-

ing-green, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement ended. She had passed over one field in hopes of meeting the gentleman, and sung as she tripped along, when she entered the second field, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld, in the corner of the field, just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a carman's frock, with red hair, and apparently approaching towards her. Her agitation was so great, that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sat on the stile to recover herself, and reflecting that the man might be harmless, she was afraid that her flight, on seeing him, might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head. While in this meditation, the man had reached the stile, and seizing her by the neck, he dragged her over the stile, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had pulled off all her clothes, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately, a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others who were approaching, and it was immediately raised. It was evidently not dead, and some of the party remarking that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others to guard and endeavour to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some, at no great distance, saw a man at a public-house sitting with a bundle before him. He seemed to be so much alarmed at the sight of the gentlemen, that they suspected him to be the culprit, and determined to examine the bundle, in which they found the dress of the lady, which some of them recognised. The man was, of course, immediately taken into custody, and was to be brought to trial at the approaching assizes. The lady, however, was too ill to come into court, but appearances were so strong against him, that he was kept in close custody, and when she was able to give evidence, though he appeared at the trial with a different dress and with a wig on, she was struck with terror at the sight of him, and fainted, but gave evidence; the culprit was convicted and executed. The medical gentleman added, that when she had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck, while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the melancholy event occurred. At length her throat became so contracted, that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance."

Ghost stories are always interesting, but they are rather too long for exhibiting the features of a work like this; and we must to shorter matters.

"Before Monsey settled as a physician in London, he had been very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Robert was fond of wit and humour, and sometimes gave a dinner to his friends at an inn in the neighbourhood of his own seat, Houghton Hall. The landlord of this inn was reputed to be a great wit; and Sir Robert admired his prompt humour so much, that he generally desired him after dinner to join the company and take his place at the social board. The company were generally gratified by the humour of the landlord, who by the encouragement of Sir Robert was admitted upon terms of equality. On one of these occasions, when Monsey was of the party, an old dull Norfolk baronet, who had nothing to recommend him but wealth, was so jealous of the attention which the landlord received, that he openly remonstrated with Sir Robert on his permitting such a man to sit in his company. The landlord modestly observed,

that as Sir Robert, who gave the dinner, and all the gentlemen present, condescended to admit him, he saw no reason why the baronet should take exceptions. 'Pho!' said the baronet, 'your father was a butcher.' 'Well,' said the landlord, 'there is no great difference between your father and mine; for if my father killed calves, yours brought them up.' All the company took the joke immediately, except the baronet, who replied, 'What! do you make my father a grazier?'

This Monsey seems to have anticipated the posthumous patriotism of our age on the subject of anatomy.

"He had the utmost contempt for funeral ceremonies, and exacted a promise from his daughter that she would not interfere with the arrangement which he had made with Mr. Thompson Forster, the surgeon, for the disposal of his body, conceiving that whenever it was dissected by that gentleman, something might occur for the illustration and advancement of anatomy. 'What can it signify to me,' said he, 'whether my carcass is cut up by the knife of a surgeon, or the tooth of a worm?' He had a large box in his chambers at Chelsea, full of air-holes, for the purpose of carrying his body to Mr. Forster, in case he should be in a trance when supposed to be dead. It was provided with poles, like a sedan-chair. He was accustomed to say that he should die, as his father did, without any real or nominal complaint, and go out like the snuff of a candle; generally adding, 'I wish I were dead; but, like all fools and all wits, I am afraid to die.'"

Of Wilkes, we have the following, among other witticisms:—"In a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewes and himself, the former said, 'I'll be your butt no longer.' 'With all my heart,' said Wilkes; 'I never like an empty one.' It was generally rumoured at the time, that Wilkes wrote an answer to a satirical letter to Sir Watkin from Horne Tooke, when Sir Watkin was sheriff. The answer concluded as follows: 'It only remains, sir, for me, in my office of sheriff, to attend you to that fate which you have long deserved, and which the people have impatiently expected.'"

Speaking of Frank North, the Earl of Guildford, Mr. Taylor mentions that he was the frolicsome hero of Colman's tale, "Please to ring the bell;" but he tells a still more remarkable anecdote of the author of the "Seasons." It runs thus:—

"The most extraordinary fact in the history of this excellent poet I derived from my late friend Mr. George Chalmers, whose industry, research, and learning, are well known. It was Mr. Chalmers's intention to write the life of Thomson; but whether to introduce into his elaborate work, 'Caledonia,' or not, I do not recollect: he told me, however, the following remarkable fact, on which he assured me I might confidently depend. Mr. Chalmers had heard that an old housekeeper of Thomson's was alive, and still resided at Richmond. Having determined to write a life of the celebrated poet of his country, he went to Richmond, thinking it possible he might obtain some account of the domestic habits of the poet, and other anecdotes, which might impart interest and novelty to his narration. He found that the old housekeeper had a good memory, and was of a communicative turn. She informed him, Thomson had been actually married in early life, but that his wife had been taken by him merely for her person, and was so little calculated to be introduced to his great friends, or, indeed, his friends in general, that he had kept her in a state of obscurity for

many years; and when he at last, from some compunctious feelings, required her to come and live with him at Richmond, he still kept her in the same secluded state, so that she appeared to be only one of the old domestics of the family. At length his wife, experiencing little of the attention of a husband, though otherwise provided with every thing that could make her easy, if not comfortable, asked his permission to go for a few weeks to visit her own relations in the north. Thomson gave his consent, exacting a promise that she would not reveal her real situation to any of his or her own family. She agreed; but when she had advanced no farther on her journey than to London, she was there taken ill, and in a short time died. The news of her death was immediately conveyed to Thomson, who ordered a decent funeral; and she was buried, as the old housekeeper said, in the churchyard of old Marylebone church. Mr. Chalmers, who was indefatigable in his inquiries, was not satisfied with the old woman's information, but immediately went and examined the church register, where he found the following entry:—"Died, Mary Thomson, a stranger"—in confirmation of the housekeeper's testimony. My late worthy friend Mr. Malone, I doubt not, would not have been satisfied with this simple register, but would have pursued the inquiry till he had discovered all the family of Mary Thomson, the time of the marriage, and every thing that could throw a light on this mysterious event, important and interesting only as it relates to a poet who will always be conspicuous in the annals of British literature. Thus we find that the letter from Thomson to his sister, accounting for his not having married, which is inserted in all the biographical reports of Thomson, is fallacious; and that his concealment of his early marriage was the result of pride and shame, when he became acquainted with Lady Hertford, Lord Lyttelton, and all the high connexions of his latter days."

A whimsical story of Horne Tooke is our next quotation:—

"I once called on him in Richmond Buildings, with Mr. Merry, the poet, just as the latter was on the eve of being married to Miss Brunton the actress. In the course of conversation Mr. Tooke adverted to this intended marriage, and directing his discourse to me, said, 'I told this gentleman that I was once as near the danger of matrimony as he is at present; but an old friend, to whom I looked with reverence for his wisdom and experience, gave me the following advice: 'You must first, said he, consider the person of the lady, and endeavour to satisfy yourself that if she has excited, she is likely to secure your admiration. You must deeply scrutinise her mind, reflect whether she possesses a rate of intellect that would be likely to render her an intelligent companion; if you are satisfied she does, you are to examine her temper, and if you find it amiable, and not likely to irritate your own on any occasion, you must proceed to obtain all the information you can procure respecting her parents and other relatives; and if you have no reason to object to their being your relations and companions, you must then inquire who and what are her friends, for you must not expect her to sacrifice all her old connexions when she becomes your wife; and if you find them agreeable people, and not likely to be burdensome or intrusive, and are quite satisfied with the prospect, you may then order your wedding clothes, and fix the day for the marriage. When the bride is dressed suitable to the occasion, the friends at church, and

the priest ready to begin, you should get upon your horse, and ride away from the place as fast and as far as your horse could carry you.' 'This counsel,' added Mr. Tooke, 'from one who was thoroughly acquainted with the world, made me investigate the nature of wedlock; and, considering the difficulties attending the advice which he recommended, made me resolve never to enter into the happy state.'

A good instance of trade-cunning, a capital pattern, is furnished in an account of the Pinchbeck family:—

"Coan the dwarf lived at the house of one of the Pinchbecks. Of these, there were three brothers, all of whom were acquainted with my father. They had invented the metal which went by their name; and to attract public attention, they pretended to quarrel, and advertised against each other, all claiming the invention, and proclaiming the superiority of the article in which each of them dealt. They were, however, upon the most amiable footing in reality, and used to meet every night and divide the profits of the day. The metal had lost its popularity when I used to accompany my father to visit his patients, and he generally called on them as he passed their way. In my time, one of the Pinchbecks kept the toy and rarity shop in Cockspur Street, and was patronised by King George the Third, who was fond of ingenious curiosities; another was a pawnbroker, in West Smithfield; and the third was landlord of a coffee-house and tavern in Five Fields, Chelsea. With him resided Coan the dwarf, whose portrait was the sign of the tavern."

We now copy a few passages, with little more than introductory heads:—

A unanimous Audience.—J. Kemble, "while he was manager of a theatre at Portsmouth, which was only opened twice or thrice in the week, a sailor applied to him on one of the nights when there was no performance, and entreated him to open the theatre; but was informed that, as the town had not been apprised on the occasion, the manager could not risk the expense. 'What will it cost to open the theatre to-night? for to-morrow I leave the country, and God knows if I shall ever see a play again,' said the sailor. Mr. Kemble told him that it would be five guineas. 'Well,' said the careless tar, 'I will give it upon this condition, that you will let nobody into the house but myself and the actors.' He was then asked what play he would choose. He fixed upon *Richard the Third*. The house was immediately lighted, the rest of the performers attended, and the tar took his station in the front row of the pit. Mr. Kemble performed the part of *Richard*, the play happening to be what is styled one of the *stock-pieces* of the company. The play was performed throughout; the sailor was very attentive, sometimes laughing and applauding, but frequently on the look-out lest some other auditor might intrude upon his enjoyment. He retired perfectly satisfied, and cordially thanked the manager for his ready compliance."

Jervas the Painter.—"Mr. Northcote expressed his surprise that reading the high encomiums of Pope, he had never seen a picture by Jervas. Miss Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua, and a good artist herself, to whom the observation was addressed, concurred in the same surprise, never having seen one. She then addressed Sir Joshua, who was deaf, and raising her voice, asked him what was the reason that no pictures of Jervas were to be seen. 'Because,' said Sir Joshua, 'they are all in the garrets.' It is certain that Pope, though

very fond of painting, had little knowledge of the art, and praised Jervas with the zeal of a friend rather than with the judgment of a critic. It would now, probably, be impossible to find a picture of the painter whose name the poet has immortalised."

Colley Cibber (in his opinion of players, the Downton of his day. See the evidence of the latter before the Dramatic Committee.)—"Mr. Whiteford once asked him, as he had been a prolific dramatic writer, if he had not some manuscript plays by him that were deserving of public notice. 'To be sure I have,' said he: 'but who are now alive to act them?'"

"Mr. Murphy told me (says Taylor) that he was once present at Tom's coffee-house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, which was only open to subscribers, when Colley was engaged at whist, and an old general was his partner. As the cards were dealt to him, he took up every one in turn, and expressed his disappointment at every indifferent one. In the progress of the game he did not follow suit, and his partner said, 'What! have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?' The latter, looking at his cards, answered, 'Oh yes, a thousand; which drew a very peevish comment from the general. On which Cibber, who was shockingly addicted to swearing, replied, 'Don't be angry; for I can play ten times worse if I like.'"

An answer worthy to be remembered whenever one encounters a grumbler at cards.

Of Mr. Taylor's own conversational talent, we copy only one short example:—

"Ozias Humphrey (he tells us) was fond of raillery; and if I may provoke my reader with a pun, I will mention that one day, when a little sportive contest took place between him and me, he said, 'Taylor, you are an *every-day man*.' 'Very well,' said I; 'and you are a *weak one*.' I must not insult my reader by suggesting the proper orthography of my pun; but trifling as it was, it excited a laugh, and put an end to the facetious hostility of my friendly opponent."

The author of *Monsieur Tonson* was ever full of such quirks and quiddities; and if he had gathered from his long and intimate experience of life as much knowledge of men and things in the real world as he had quickness of mind and apprehension to justify our expecting, he would not, in all probability, have had his latter days clouded by misfortune.* But, in truth, though mixing much with society, Mr. Taylor lived and breathed in a dramatic atmosphere; and his fancy far, far outstripped his judgment.

In these volumes allusion is made to circumstances in which we were personally concerned; and though self is a hateful subject to write upon, we trust we may be allowed to offer a few words of remark (especially as the subject may possess a public interest), while yet most of the parties are living who can vouch for their

* Mr. Taylor refers feelingly to this in his opening and also in his second volume:—

"The pecuniary shock which I suffered from the perjury of a deceased partner in the *Sun* newspaper, and the advice of friends who think too favourably of me, have induced me to take up the egotistical pen. Here, perhaps, some satirical critic will quote Pope, and hint, 'Obliged by hunger and request of friends.' Well, I shall answer, in the words of my old friend Sheridan, 'I can laugh at his malice, though not at his wit.'"

"I remember to have dined with Macklin at the house of a clergyman named Clarke, who had paid Opie for a portrait of him. The Rev. Mr. Whalley, the editor of the works of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, was of the party. This learned, intelligent, and pleasant gentleman, who, I believe, was one of the masters of Merchant Tailors' School, was afterwards, as I understood, obliged to leave this country, having, like myself, been ensnared by a false friend to accept bills, which he was unable to discharge."

truth or contradict their inaccuracy. The *Sun* newspaper, after its first great success, appears to have been rather an unlucky literary property for those concerned in it. Mr. Taylor states:—

"I was in the habit of visiting the green-rooms of both theatres, but went oftener to Drury Lane, in order to cultivate an acquaintanceship with Lord Byron, who always received me with great kindness; and particularly one night when I had returned from a public dinner and met him in the green-room, though I had by no means drunk much wine, yet, as I seemed to him to be somewhat heated, and appeared to be thirsty, he handed me a tumbler of water, as he said, to *dilute me*. Having a short time before published a small volume of poems, I sent them to his lordship, and in return received the following letter from him, with four volumes of his poems, handsomely bound, all of his works that had been published at that time. I took the first sentence of the letter as a motto for a collection of poems which I have since published."

"Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for a volume in the good old style of our elders and our betters, which I am very glad to see not yet extinct. Your good opinion does me great honour, though I am about to risk its loss by the return I make for your valuable present. With many acknowledgments for your wishes, and a sincere sense of your kindness, believe me, your obliged and faithful servant, 'BYRON.'"

'13, Piccadilly Terrace, July 23d, 1815.'

In addition to this kind and flattering letter, his lordship inscribed the first volume in the following terms:—

TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.
With the author's compliments and respects,
July 23d, 1815.

His lordship's volumes, his gratifying letter, and the kind attention which I received from him in the green-room, induced me to express my thanks in a complimentary sonnet to him, which was inserted in the *Sun* newspaper, of which I was then the proprietor of nine-tenths. The remaining tenth share was to belong to a gentleman, when the profits of that share should amount to a sum which was the assigned price of each share, and at which price I purchased, by degrees, all my shares. By the oversight of the attorney employed, (1) the gentleman alluded to, during the previous proprietorship, was invested with the sole and uncontrolled editorship of the paper, under such legal forms that even the proprietors could not deprive him of his authority. When the former two proprietors, of whom one was the founder of the paper, found into what a predicament they had been thrown, they signified their wishes to withdraw from the concern, and I purchased their respective shares, in addition to what I had bought before at a considerable expense, conceiving that the editor would relax from his authority, and that we should proceed in harmony together. But I was mistaken, and after much and violent disputation between us, I was at last induced to offer him £500 to relinquish all connexion with the paper, which sum he accepted, and it then became entirely my own (2). During his control over the paper, the day after my sonnet addressed to Lord Byron appeared, the editor thought proper to insert a parody on my lines in the *Sun* newspaper, in which he mentioned Lord Byron in severe terms, and in one passage adverted to Lady Byron. Shocked and mortified at the insertion of this parody in a paper almost entirely my own, I wrote imme-

diately to Lord Byron, explaining my situation, and expressing my sincere regret that such an article had appeared in the paper, and stating my inability to prevent it. My letter produced the following one from his lordship, which I lent to my friend Mr. Moore, and which he has inserted in his admirable life of the noble bard.

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry that you should feel uneasy at what has by no means troubled me. If your editor, his correspondents, and readers, are amused, I have no objection to be the theme of all the ballads he can find room for, provided his lucubrations are confined to me only. It is a long time since things of this kind have ceased to 'fright me from my property;' nor do I know any similar attack which would induce me to turn again, unless it involved those connected with me, whose qualities, I hope, are such as to exempt them, even in the eyes of those who bear no good will to myself. In such a case, supposing it to occur, to reverse the saying of Dr. Johnson, 'What the law cannot do for me, I would do for myself,' be the consequences what they might (S). I return you, with many thanks, Colman and the letters. The poems I hope you intend me to keep, at least I shall do so, till I hear the contrary. Very truly yours,

"BYRON."

"13, Terrace, Piccadilly, Sept. 25th, 1815."

In a subsequent letter from his lordship to me, referring to the same subject, there is the following postscript. 'P.S. Your best way will be to publish no more eulogies, except upon the 'elect;' or if you do, to let him (the editor) have a previous copy, so that the compliment and the attack may appear together, which would, I think, have a good effect.' This last letter is dated Oct. 27th, 1815, more than a month after the other, so that it is evident the subject dwelt upon his lordship's mind, though in the postscript he has treated it jocularly. The letter dated Sept. 25th, is interesting, because it shows, that though his lordship was indifferent to any attacks on himself, he was disposed to come resolutely, if not rashly, forward in defence of Lady Byron, of whose amiable qualities he could not but be deeply sensible; and it is therefore a lamentable consideration, that a separation should have taken place between persons so eminently qualified to promote the happiness of each other."

Upon this statement we beg to note, as we have indicated, the following corrections:—

1. The attorney employed was a gentleman whose ability in business was only equalled by his wit and talent in social life—the late Mr. F. Flaggate, who had himself been an editor of the journal in question, and not likely to make such a mistake. The simple fact is, that the paper had much declined before the activity and intelligence of the *Courier*, and the party in question (the writer of this, Mr. Jerdan,) was invited by Messrs. Heriot and R. G. Clarke, proprietors of eight-tenths, to undertake the direction of it. As some of its failure was imputed by these gentlemen to a tone of, perhaps, too miscellaneous compliment and panegyric, into which Mr. Taylor's extensive acquaintance and good nature led him, the stipulation alluded to was the most deliberate and express in the whole contract,* and with-

* We may tell a laughable anecdote of this wonderful deed; a pretty instance of the business-habits and worldly sagacity of literary men. One of the clauses prohibited, under forfeiture of shares, the becoming bail for any person; and yet, within a month of its execution, Messrs. Taylor and Jerdan went together to a sponge-house, altogether ignorant of the breach, and gave bail for a luckless reporter, who happened to have incurred this legal premium!

out it the new editor would never have undertaken the trust.

2. The violence, we must declare, was all on one side, and the larger proprietors sold out, that they might not be compromised in such unpleasant affairs. That Mr. Taylor purchased their shares, encumbered as the paper was by a despotic editor, over whom none had the least control, was his error, and persisted in on a right of pre-emption he enjoyed, in spite of all persuasion to allow Mr. J. to possess himself of at least a moiety. After he had so bought, it did sound like a hardship that one-tenth should domineer over nine—but the property was acquired with this evil distinctly known, and could afford no ground for just complaint. In the end, Mr. J. took the sum stated for his share; and lost (besides the expense of a chancery suit), two years' labour as editor, in consequence of there not being profits on the *Sun* to pay that charge, though by his exertions it had more than doubled, nearly trebled, its circulation.

In this transaction, poor Taylor was the slave of a blind, unreasoning passion, artfully fomented by the individual* referred to in the note at the bottom of page 643; and who ultimately ruined his victim. And it is but justice to add, that he not only sincerely repented of the course he had been stimulated to pursue, but took many public opportunities (of which there are hundreds of living and highly distinguished witnesses) to express his regret, and make every atonement in his power to his quondam reviled coadjutor, who never had but one feeling—that of sorrow for his unfortunate delusion.

3. With respect to Lord Byron, the writer of this never could entertain any personal hostility to that eminent and gifted individual. His sense of duty to the public, and his desire to impart consistency to any publication under his direction, induced him in this case, as in very many others, to reject offered contributions, and to express his own opinions. That Lord Byron was so much offended in the present instance as to intrust Mr. Douglas Kinnaird with a challenge, which that gentleman ultimately prevailed upon him not to send, is amusingly contrasted by the good-humour, which we perceive from Mr. Taylor's relation, he displayed when his spleen had time to cool; and at which Mr. Kinnaird often jested with the writer during subsequent years of friendly acquaintance, both in travelling together in France and at home. But it is almost a pity to preserve any recollections of such disagreements, when time has harmonised them all, and the grave, alas! closed the scene for ever upon mutual forgiveness and kindness.

In our next we shall conclude this review with further extracts; and, in the interim, cordially recommend these volumes to every lover of light and entertaining reading.

Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales. By Emma Roberts, author of "Memoirs of the royal Houses of York and Lancaster." 12mo. pp. 204. London, 1832. Bull.

This graceful volume of legendary and descriptive poetry has a novel claim on public attention—it was actually written amid the scenes which it depicts; and is, we believe, the first attempt made by a European female to embody her Indian reminiscences in verse. The great fault of the majority of poets is that

* This interested man wished to make the *Sun* a tool to promote his own views as a colonial agent, and being refused, wrought in the vile manner we have explained.

they paint "the unbeheld;" hence so much that is exaggerated or faint in colouring: the present pages, on the contrary, are the result of actual observation and immediate impression. We shall proceed to lay some specimens before our readers.

A Hindoo feast.

"When from the jovial chase returned
His tranquil home the omrah sought,
For him the perfumed tapers burned,
And upon glittering trays were brought,
To spread the hospitable board,
The ample feast, whose dainty fare,
Invited by their bounteous lord,
The zumeendars and vassals share;
Rose-water, *paan*, and spices prest
Profusely on each welcome guest.
The jamma's finny tribes appear,
With quarters of the hunted deer,
Pigeons, and kids, and rich pillaws,
And *kauaries* blight with golden glow;
While from each sculptured silver vase
The many-coloured sherbets flow.
Plucked from the river's sandy bed,
The gushing water-melons shed
Their grateful streams; and there, in piles
Heaped up, the glossy mango smiles;
Citrons, pomegranates, and the bright
Pistachio nut from far Tibet;
And grapes that gleam with topaz light,
And sweetmeats in a glistening net
Of frosted sugar heaped around,
And all with flower-wreathed garlands crowned."

"Curious Tradition.—The inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Sicligilly believe that a tiger watches over the deserted tomb of a warrior, whose name has been lost amid the stirring events which followed the early Moosulman conquests of Bengal. The lamp has long ceased to burn upon his grave; but some unseen hand preserves the interior of the mausoleum from the dirt and litter which usually accumulate in ruined buildings. The tomb itself, standing boldly on the summit of a hill in the vicinity of Rajmahal, forms a very interesting and picturesque feature in the landscape. A similar superstition prevails at Secundermallee, in the Carnatic. The mountain is held sacred by all castes, it being supposed to contain the tomb of Alexander the Great, whose temple, on the summit, is said to be regularly swept by royal tigers with their tails."

The conclusion of some stanzas written in a pavilion of the superb gardens planted in the neighbourhood of Agra by the Emperor Jahangire, are both picturesque and touching.

"Yet as the long perspective meets the eye,
The winding river, turret, spire, and dome,
From the full heart is breathed a bitter sigh,
It is not home! alas, it is not home!
The lonely exile pants again to meet
The gurgling brook, the narrow winding dell,
The mantling alders, and the mossy seat.
To which, perchance, he bade a last farewell.
How oft, when gazing on some fairy spot,
Wrought by the painter's necromantic skill,
Bedecked with temple, palace, bower, and grove,
The gushing fountain, and the silvery rill,
The soul has languished for some angel's wings,
To waft it swiftly on the willing breeze,
And scarcely could repress its murmuring,
That his own earth possessed not scenes like these.
Here is the blest reality—not even
In the bright wonders of the summer skies
Are lovelier forms or purer splendours given,
Than to those pearl-like buildings that arise
In fairy clusters from the terraced heights,
Where gardens spread their broad and verdant paths,
And fling their glories o'er the sculptured batts.
And 'mid this flush of amaranthine bloom,
Numberless birds their odorous banquet seek;
The lilac pigeon spreads her dainty plume,
And dips in marble tanks her sapphire beak.
Where Jamma's sands in golden lustre glow,
Wheeling on airy wings their downward flight,
The small white herons, with their crests of snow
And feet of shivered topazes, alight.
The scene is bathed in sunshine; the bright woods,
The waves, the air, with glittering ingots filled,
Reflect the radiant brilliance of the floods,
From yon resplendent planet's founts distilled.
But all is foreign: 'mid the dazzling glare,
The pensive gazer would rejoice to see
The gorgeous pagant melt away in air,
While on its wrecks arose the old oak-tree—
The soft greenward with daisies spangled o'er,
The brawling stream by rustic arches spanned,

The jasmine trailing round the cottage door,
The humblest village of his native land."

We add two or three notes.

"Amongst the objects of curiosity shewn to the stranger at Agra, are the fragments of a marble throne which belonged to the Mogul emperors. When the weakness and degeneracy displayed by the successors of Aurungzebe invited foreign aggressions, the Jauts, a warlike people, obtained possession of a considerable territory, together with the city of Agra, the favourite residence of Acbar, Jehanghire, and of Shah Jehan: they stripped the palace of its silver ceilings, and tore down the silver doors from the Taaje Mahal. The leader of the invaders demanded to be brought to the marble musnud of the Moosulman conquerors, which no one else had ever ascended. It is said, that on approaching with an intent to seat himself upon it, the marble broke in two pieces; and the Moosulman inhabitants of Agra are fond of decanting upon the miracle which saved the throne of Acbar from profanation."

"*Chak savak*, Brahmanee duck. The Hindoos imagine that, for some transgression committed in the human body, the souls of the offending persons are condemned to animate these birds, who are compelled to part at sunset; the male and female flying on different sides of the river, each imagining that the other has voluntarily forsaken the nest, and inviting the supposed wanderer's return with lamentable cries. The brahmins, compassionating the melancholy condition of these birds, hold them sacred, and will not allow them to be molested within the precincts of their jurisdiction."

"*Indian Graves*.—There cannot be a stronger contrast than that between the burial-places of the Christian and the Moosulman in India. A few of the former stand alone in picturesque spots, but they are generally crowded together in small enclosures of consecrated ground, not usually kept with the neatness and order which is so soothing to the spirits of the living. Few Europeans can view without horror the crowded but neglected cemetery in which they may expect to find a grave. Choked up with weeds, the resort of carrion birds and loathsome beasts, and rarely visited, except upon those melancholy occasions in which another exile is deposited in his final resting-place, they present the most dismal *memento mori* imaginable. Moosulman tombs, on the contrary, afford one of the most pleasing spectacles which India produces. They are generally built in some well-frequented place, nor do the living object to make them their habitation. 'Dwellers amid the tombs' are to be found to this day in India, recalling to the memory many passages in the Scriptures. When not sufficiently commodious to afford a shelter, they are still favourite spots for the bivouac of travellers. Innumerable pictures might be made from the three objects so continually combined together in every part of India—a tree, a tomb, and a well. The first and last may form the attraction; but they are seldom without a living group, who, at least on one day in the week, light a lamp upon the monumental stone, and strew it with flowers. An officer of rank found the crumbling remnants of an old tomb in the close vicinity of a house he had lately purchased: it was an unsightly object; but knowing that, if he removed it, such an act of desecration would bring him into bad odour with his servants, he restored it to its pristine state. The native attendants were delighted by the mark of respect paid to the deceased, and instantly performed their part by furnishing the tomb with a lamp."

We cordially wish the present volume success. Those who are strangers to the gorgeous scenes it depicts will find many a new and beautiful image; while to those familiar with Indian scenery, it will have that most powerful charm—memory.

The Keepsake for 1833. Edited by F. Mansel Reynolds. London, Longman and Co.; Paris, Rittner and Goupill; Frankfort, Charles Jügil.

THE first Annual in the field this year, the *Keepsake* is well entitled to the priority. As usual, it opens with one of the prettiest faces that ever looked from a frontispiece; it is called "The Adieu," such as Shensstone imagined when he said,

"So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

The prose tales are various and interesting. Mrs. Charles Gore and Mrs. Shelley have been very happy in their contributions; and "The Novice, or the Convent Demon," is one of Leitch Ritchie's best performances—we regret it is too long for extract. "The Moors," breathing of the heather, is a very fresh and graphic poem, by the Hon. Henry Liddell; and "Pepita, a Mexican story," is an excellent bandit sketch. Lord Dover's is a graceful but also an often-told tale; the history, or perhaps we should say the tradition, of the unfortunate wife of Alexis is generally known—we have seen it in at least half-a-dozen magazines. We shall endeavour to abridge Lord Morpeth's "Tale of Modern Science." The heroine has been attached contrary to her father's will, and has had a parting interview with him, after which he is heard of no more.

Mary Warwick "was sitting with her father in the same way upon the next evening, when an attorney and constable from the large county town about fourteen miles off were shewn into the apartment. It would at no time have been according to the tenor of Mr. Warwick's disposition to receive a domiciliary visit of authority with any great mark of deference; and he now requested, with some appearance of discomposure, to be made acquainted with the motives of this intrusion. 'We are come, sir,' said the attorney, 'to request you will accompany us to —, where two men, whom we understand to have been in your employment, of the name of Boyland, are under arrest upon a most serious charge.' 'They have murdered Walter Carroll!' exclaimed Mary, and fell back upon her chair. 'How comes the young lady to have so clear an insight into the nature of their offence?' put in the attorney. Mr. Warwick replied, 'You are not called upon, sir, to take any notice of what falls from my daughter; private occurrences have taken place of late in my family which have much shaken her nerves; she shall retire, and then—' 'Nay, father,' said Mary, rising recovered and collected, 'I am ready to do what must be done, and to say what must be said: I will go with you, sir.' 'My dear child, you could be of no possible use; I really cannot allow it.' 'On the contrary, sir,' here again interposed the attorney, 'Miss Warwick seems to know more of the matter than any one else; and I feel myself bound to convey her with us. I am sure, sir, you must yourself feel too keenly for the interests of justice to interpose any obstacle. We are most anxious to gain all the possible information that can be gathered upon the subject without loss of time, as the judges are now in the town, and such is the state of public excitement and alarm, that it becomes most desirable, upon every account, to bring on the

trial during the present assizes.' Nothing farther was to be said. Mr. Warwick and his daughter accompanied the attorney to the county town, and their depositions were taken before the magistrates, who were still prosecuting their inquiries at that late hour of the night. Before they broke up, it was finally determined to put the prisoners on their trial immediately. It was at an early hour on Friday morning that the judge, a grave and eloquent functionary, entered the thronged and expecting court. On each side of him the benches were filled with county magistrates, medical practitioners, and even many of that softer sex who often lose their natural repugnance to details of blood and horror in the sense of strong excitement. A woman would instinctively shrink more than a man from entering the cell of a maniac or a felon; but place her once within it, and she will explore the working lineaments, and hang on the broken accents, with a far more eager and intense curiosity. Immediately in front of the judge were already placed the two Boylands, strongly fettered, with an expression of countenance in which nervous anxiety seemed to blend and almost lose itself in haggard stupor. In the semicircle beneath sat the gentlemen of the bar, wearing by far the most unconcerned appearance in the whole assemblage, though, perhaps, less so than upon ordinary occasions. In the rear stood the motley group of those who occupied their scanty place by no other privilege than the superior strength or dexterity with which they had floated in at the head of the thick mass which still besieged the door of the court-house, and held angry parance with the javelin-men who guarded it. Before, however, the few formal preliminaries had been achieved, deep silence reigned within and without; there was that excitement in the case, and that exaceration of the crime, which awed curiosity into stillness, and suffering into submission. The trial proceeded. Now, a trial, perhaps the most interesting thing of all others in any adequate case to hear, is frequently tedious and unsatisfactory to read, when the necessary length and repetition are unrelieved by the imposing effect of all the exterior circumstance, and by the interest of those nice minutiae in the behaviour of parties, which are food for ocular observation exclusively. Under this apprehension, I think I should do well to content myself with presenting to my reader a brief summary of the statement delivered by the judge in summing up the evidence, which had spread over several hours of anxious and interesting inquiry. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'I feel it needless to mention, that the case, upon which you have bestowed so much attention, rests upon what is commonly called circumstantial evidence; no direct proof of the charge has been brought to bear upon the prisoners; it will, of course, be for you to decide whether the combined facts infer that degree of certainty which can alone justify a verdict against them. The first person examined was the porter of the hospital; he identifies the body as brought to him by the two prisoners, exhibited by him to the chief surgeon, and afterwards recognised by numerous persons as the corpse of Walter Carroll. We have here the offence of body-stealing brought home to the prisoners, who are likewise stated by the same witness to have been long addicted to the same practice, and to have frequently supplied the school of anatomy with subjects clandestinely, and, I need not say, illegally obtained: this is not the place or the occasion which could tempt me to palliate any breach of the law;

nor am I inclined, on the other hand, either with respect to the prisoners at the bar, or indeed any offenders, to aggravate the guilt of such mal-practices, as the state of society, and of the law itself, may perhaps have gone far to engender. However this may be, hitherto we meet with nothing to produce any suspicion of that fouler crime for which these men are indicted, save the existence of a possible motive to it being established in their instance—a motive, it is true, which we should scarcely have permitted ourselves to impute, or even imagine, were it not for the horrible experience of our own latter days. You have next heard the very clear and scientific evidence of the chief surgeon, who states that his attention was immediately attracted by the appearance of the body; he gives his reasons for being positive that it had never been interred, and that death must have been occasioned either by throttling or possibly by drowning; this alternative is rendered more remarkable by part of the evidence which subsequently occurs. The constable is then called, who upon the information communicated to him by the two previous witnesses, arrested the prisoners in the street: there is something awfully striking in the observation which James Boyland addressed upon this occasion to his brother Hugh. 'Murder! Hugh—which?' I should be most anxious to avoid pressing any thing against these unfortunate men more strongly than the necessity of the case would seem to warrant; it appears, however, that in the hurry and shock of the moment, this exclamation was uttered. We have next a large and quite a sufficient body of proof to identify the body sold by the prisoners as that of Walter Carroll; we have upon this point the depositions of more than one of the fellow-workmen of the deceased—of the master who employed him—and of the unfortunate young woman, whose story is so pathetically blended with these proceedings. There follows a long chain of evidence, detailing the circumstances which took place previously to the deceased being seen for the last time; we have it stated by a female neighbour of Mr. Warwick, that she was standing in her door-way upon the fifth instant, towards dusk, that she observed Carroll talking to Mary Warwick, as very often happened, she added; that the two Boylands passed by, and some high words ensued between the prisoners and the deceased. Gentlemen, I attach no importance whatsoever to this circumstance; if the deceased met his death by the hands of the prisoners, you may be assured that it was a very different, it was a more sordid, if not a more criminal, motive, than rancour or revenge which ministered the temptation. If we were to look to such causes for the origin of this dark deed, far more cogent ground of suspicion would lie against Mr. Warwick himself, for it appears from the evidence of the same old gentlewoman, as well as from the testimony of the father and daughter themselves, that Mr. Warwick having accidentally overheard enough to persuade him that a clandestine, though to all appearance an otherwise honourable attachment, subsisted between his daughter and the deceased, under the irritation—I may say, the natural irritation of the moment, although he now speaks of the circumstance with a regret which does his heart credit, gave utterance to some very violent reproaches, and struck a blow at the deceased. I thought it my duty, indeed, to make a particular inquiry respecting the nature of that blow, but I was given to understand that it did not seem to produce any sensible effect at the time; far less could it have subse-

quently occasioned death. Here it might occur, that the injury which Mr. Warwick imagined himself to have received in the very tenderest point to the heart of a parent may have led him to the perpetration of a more deliberate and effectual mode of vengeance. With this possible view, not only did I myself strictly question those in his neighbourhood and employment respecting his principles and character, which seem to be in high repute for regularity and probity, but we heard very minutely stated what took place upon their separating that evening. Mr. Warwick dismissed Carroll from his service, forbidding all correspondence with his daughter, and the deceased strictly promised that he would keep up no intercourse with her during his absence. Whereupon Carroll walked away. But here another conjecture presents itself, with a far greater shew of likelihood to the mind. The deceased had just been detected in a clandestine intercourse with the daughter of his employer; he had been dismissed from his employment with disgrace and insult; he had been forbidden to meet, he had bound himself not to correspond with the woman he loved; in the state of mind with which he must have turned from that threshold, is it impossible, is it improbable that he should have been tempted to commit suicide? I see by the depositions which have been placed before me that the prisoners have never varied in the statement which they made before the magistrates, and which they have repeated to us, that they discovered the body upon the same evening in the river, some way below the town, and that they could not resist the temptation of an object of sale ready found to their hands. I will fairly own that I should, at once have admitted this solution of self-destruction, had it not been for the witness last called, Mary Warwick. She gave her evidence under circumstances, and in a manner full of such gentle candour, and such subdued wretchedness, that authorise a strong reliance upon the truth of what she said; it appears that she again met the deceased upon the same busy evening; that they agreed together, while abandoning, in accordance with the previous promise, all immediate intercourse, to look forward with hope to its future renewal under better auspices; that his last words to her were expressions of piety and cheerfulness; that she left him standing at a particular spot, which she describes as well known to her, under an old oak-tree, on the brink of a steep bank or cliff above the river; that immediately after quitting him, near the entrance of the same wood, at a distance of about three hundred yards from the oak, she suddenly came upon the prisoners; that she heard them express an expectation that they should find the deceased near at hand; that she went forward on her return to the village, and that they moved on in the direction of the spot where she had left the deceased. Here, gentlemen, the case closes. In my recapitulation of the evidence, as each successive fact suggested the opportunity, I have endeavoured to point out to you the different conclusions that might be consistent with the testimony to which you have listened. The duty to make the application lies now solely with you. I will not trust myself with any further comment, and I here leave the momentous decision in your hands. The jury begged leave to retire; at the end of ten minutes they returned into court, and stated that they were agreed upon their verdict. The officer of the court asked, 'How say you, gentlemen of the jury, is Hugh Boyland guilty or not guilty?'

'Guilty.' The same question and answer were exchanged with respect to James; the officer entered the verdict upon the parchment before him, then half turning round, as if to ascertain whether the preparations of the judge were complete, he addressed to the prisoners the usual question, whether they had any thing to say, or knew of any thing why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. They repeated, hardly and doggedly, their asseverations of innocence. Proclamation enjoining silence was then made, after which the judge put on his black cap, and thus addressed them: 'Prisoners at the bar, you are now, upon evidence which had left no doubt of your guilt upon my own mind, convicted by the jury of a crime, which I know not how, adequately, to characterise. In the records of depravity I should be at a loss to find its parallel; it combines, in a degree hitherto unprecedented, all that is most mean with all that is most ferocious in our nature—the deepest villany of a civilised condition with the darkest cruelty of savage life. Gain has made worse cannibals than hunger. Deeds which, I should have fondly hoped, would hardly have occurred to the license of fancy, we learn, by the terrible experience of the two last years, have been reserved to be the shame and stain of a Christian community—of an enlightened era—of the British nation. The evil is growing to a frightful head; old men and young children, the crippled and the infirm, the destitute and the delicate, dare not trust themselves either in our rural lanes, or in our city thoroughfares; upon the cold pavement, at the social board, in the proffered bed, the unsuspecting victims have found their doom: many a hearth still misses from its accustomed circle those who have gone forth, and do not return, while all the casual accidents of life give rise to the most torturing apprehensions. Miserable men! for guilt so enormous, the law has wisely, nay, I had almost said humanely, provided that punishment should be as speedy as exemplary, and in a case like the present, it becomes doubly important to allay, as far and as soon as we may be able, the alarm and horror which have so widely crept over society. Of that other world, which lies beyond the cognisance of this frail tribunal, I will not here trust myself with speaking; to your spiritual attendant, and to your own hearts, I leave the awards of eternity. Shrink, shrink deep into yourselves, while you consider how before them fades into mere nothingness even that awful sentence which I, your earthly judge, must now pronounce upon you. That sentence is, that you may be now taken hence to the place from whence you came, and thence on Monday next—on Monday next,' repeated the judge, with as much emphasis as he could command, and with an effect which seemed to rouse even the prisoners from their sullen apathy, 'to a place of execution, and that you be there severally hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that after your death your bodies* be delivered to the surgeons, to be dissected and anatomised according to the statute; and may the Lord, of his infinite goodness, have mercy on your guilty souls!' Within ten minutes, the prisoners had been removed, the comments interchanged, the carriages called, the witnesses dispersed, and the judge (I tell it not in disparagement of his humanity or sensibility, but as an instance of the manner in which the most formal common-places of life will jostle with its darkest miseries and wildest

* "I give this part of the sentence for the benefit of antiquarians."

horror.) was seated at dinner in a company which had long been waiting for him, between a prosing lord-lieutenant and a punning magistrate. Why should I dwell upon the painful preparations for the necessary catastrophe? From the few hours of life allotted to the condemned culprits I turn for a moment, ere I close my melancholy tale, to their desolate and heart-broken victim. After the trying scenes of the court-house, and the powers of self-command there put forth by Mary Warwick, the reaction was too strong for her exhausted frame and withered spirit. Her father had been extremely anxious to take her back to their own home upon the evening of the trial; but neither then, nor during the following Saturday and Sunday, was she in any manner able to leave the lodgings which they occupied in the noisy street opposite the gaol of the assize town. She felt herself better on Monday morning; and after having attempted to swallow a scanty breakfast, she was about to tell her father, whose assiduity and tenderness towards her seemed to increase every instant, that she thought herself equal to the journey, when her attention was attracted by his fixed and earnest gaze through the window of their apartment. She rose and went beside him, when her feelings sustained a deep and harrowing shock at the sight she there encountered: the gate of the prison was open, a vast crowd was gathered in the street, and a kind of procession was moving slowly towards a large wooden structure which appeared in the distance. The thoughts which shot through her mind induced her to kneel down, and with closed eyes and clasped hands, to pray for grace to be able to forgive the murderers of her peace and love. When she again raised her head, her father was standing before her with a countenance violently, and even wonderfully, agitated. 'Where is my hat, Mary?' he exclaimed; 'give it me instantly.' 'Here, dear father. What is it you would be about?' 'Mary, you remember the night when you last saw Walter Carroll?' 'Oh, oh! do not talk of it.' 'Do you remember that we parted in anger?' 'Alas! yes, father.' 'Mary, we met again that night.' 'Father!' 'Mary, those men are not guilty of murder.' When Mary recovered from the deep fainting fit which immediately followed the utterance of these words, and lifted her head slowly from the floor upon which her whole length lay prostrate, and opened her eyes dimly, and then sent them inquiringly round the room, she perceived that she was alone; then came recollection, and with it a shock that at once shot activity along her limbs and numbness through her soul; but this she soon shook off too, and rushed into the street. The judge had risen that morning from his breakfast, and had ordered round to the door the carriage which was to convey him to the next town upon the circuit, when he was told that a young woman, apparently in great distress of mind, requested to see him upon business the most urgent. 'I do not know,' said his lordship, 'what it can be about; but admit her. Miss Warwick!' for Mary had already forced her way in, and was kneeling at his feet. Pale, haggard, panting, she just gathered breath to articulate, 'The Boylands are innocent! Quick, my lord, quick!' 'Pray rise and explain yourself: why, it was upon your evidence—' 'I know it; I am a guilty wretch! I could not bear you to think my Walter had committed suicide; but he did—you nearly guessed it, my lord—he threw himself into the water. Oh, quick!' 'Young woman, you have indeed much to answer for!

Where is my marshal?—Let him go to the under-sheriff directly, and desire him to delay the execution for an hour: this must be inquired into. Tell my brother I must see him. Where is Mr. Warwick? Well, what now?' 'An express, my lord, from the under-sheriff.' 'And why this? Let me see: I have delayed the execution till I receive instructions from your lordship. Mr. Warwick has just appeared at the foot of the gallows, and acknowledged himself the sole murderer of Walter Carroll! What does it all mean?' Mary answered him faintly, 'It means that I am now alone in this world. Be thou with me, O my God!' She still knelt, and the judge did not bid her rise. 'We shall probably return to this volume in our next.'

Health's Picturesque Annual for 1833. Traveling Sketches on the Rhine and in Belgium. With 26 beautifully finished Engravings, from Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, &c. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. author of "The Romance of French History." London, 1833. Longman and Co.

THERE is no river that can vie with the Rhine for natural beauty, or for romantic legend. The whole history of chivalry is recorded on its banks, the lovely, the warlike, and the wonderful; every feature of the picturesque feudal times has left its memory there—not a castle but has its tale of other days. Nevertheless, Mr. Ritchie has not produced so interesting a volume as that of last year; much of his narrative is flippant, and his legends are not only twice told, but have most of them been particularly well told before. The traditions of the Rhine have been the subject of some of our most spirited ballads; Sir Walter Scott, Southey—to say nothing of the more recent, but delightful lyrics of Mr. Planché—have all lent their aid to preserve the records of the Rhine. Our author wants, too, that vivid poetry of imagination which gives its own charm to the tale it tells. Mr. Ritchie is more effective upon actual ground; he manages a murder better than a ghost; and terror, real bodily terror, is in his hands more efficient than superstition. We subjoin some curious robber stories.

"We have purposely omitted to the last the band of the Rhine, commanded by the renowned Schinderhannes. All the rest, indeed, may be called bands of the Rhine as well as of Belgium or Holland; but Schinderhannes, except when serving as a volunteer under Picard or other chiefs, never wandered far from the banks of his magnificent river, and may therefore be styled, par excellence, the Robber of the Rhine. This remarkable person was born at Nastetten, of parents in the lowest grade of society, in the year 1779. A public whipping, which he received for some juvenile delinquency, determined his course of life. His young heart was filled with shame and bitterness; and from that moment he sought to ally himself only with those who set at defiance the laws which had degraded him for ever. Having made himself worthy of such fellowship, by committing a daring robbery, and escaping from prison after his apprehension, he sought out Fink, surnamed Red-head, who received him with open arms, and introduced him successively to Mosebach, Seibert, Itlis Jacob, and Zughetto, at that time the most celebrated bandits of the district. The young desperado soon shewed that it was his mission to lead, rather than to follow, and in a very little time he became the captain of the band. His capture thus became a matter of conse-

quence; and he was so closely watched, that at length the authorities succeeded in apprehending him in the mill of Weiden. While they were conveying him to Oberstein, he contrived to get out upon the roof of a prison where they halted for the night, and attempted to descend by a rope he had manufactured of the straw of his bed. Midway, however, the rope broke, and, reaching the ground with more noise than he contemplated, he was retaken. Secured, at length, in the strong prison of Saarbrück, every body believed that the career of the young chief was ended; when, in three days, the country was thrown into consternation by a circular announcing his escape. When Schinderhannes rejoined his comrades, he found them under the command of Petri, surnamed Peter the Black. This worthy was a tall gaunt man, with a forest of black hair, and a thick and matted beard hanging upon his breast. His complexion was sallow, and his voice resembled the croak of a raven, both in sound and augury. When sober, he was plunged in a dull and easy apathy, in which he would do whatever he was bid, to the cutting of a throat, or the burning of a church: when drunk, he was a compound of the wolf and tiger. In the intermediate state, however, when his mind was fully awake without being over-excited, and when he could murder on principle, rather than from passion, or mere stupid instinct, he was the equal of any bandit-chief unhung. He did not long, however, remain a bar to the young robber's ambition. Being taken, and plunged into a subterranean dungeon, where no brandy was to be had, he conceived such a disgust at the French side of the Rhine, that, on effecting his escape, he crossed the river, and did not return for some years. Schinderhannes himself was soon after captured, and lodged in the same dungeon at Simmern. This was merely a deep vaulted hole, twenty feet under the foundation of a prison-tower on the ramparts, with only a single small opening at the top, through which the captive was let down by means of a rope. The opening of course could not be shut without stifling the prisoner, but, at any rate, there seemed to be no possibility of climbing to it, placed as it was in the middle of the lofty roof; while the chamber into which it led was itself a strong dungeon, tenanted by another malefactor. The young chief, however, was nothing daunted. He twisted a rope of the straw of his bed, threw it to his neighbour above, who made the end fast; and by this means he ascended with ease to the upper chamber. Here he broke through the wall into the kitchen, forced away the defences of one of the windows, and leaped into the ditch of the town, dislocating his foot in the descent. In this state it took him three days and nights to crawl to the house of a friend, lying couched in the forest like a wild beast by day, and resuming his painful journey at night. Having rejoined his band, he soon made it stronger than ever, by the addition of several important members—among others, of Karl Benz, a young man of family and education, whose romantic character and wild adventures we shall take another opportunity of portraying. At this time he was so well known on the banks of the Rhine that mothers terrified their children with the name of the young and handsome Schinderhannes. In his own immediate neighbourhood, however, he was beloved by the peasantry, who would have died rather than have betrayed him; and one of the most beautiful girls in Germany ran off from her parents to join his fortunes in the forest,

and accompanied him afterwards in some of his most daring expeditions dressed in boy's clothes. Gay, brave, gallant, generous, and humane, there was a high romance about his character which attracted even those who most abhorred his crimes. He was fond of music, and even poetry; and to this day there is a song sung on the banks of the Rhine which he composed to his mistress. He was addicted to pleasure, and a worshipper of women; but the charms of Julia Blasius, the young girl alluded to above, at length concentrated his wandering desires, and converted him from a general lover into an affectionate and devoted husband. Hitherto, however, he was ignorant of the grandeur and dignity with which the character of the outlaw was invested in Belgium; and when, in homage to his fame, Picard invited him to join an expedition to the banks of the Main, Schinderhannes expected to see only a wandering chief like himself, haunting the deserted mills and ruined castles, roaming on foot from forest to forest, and sweeping the highways when opportunity offered. What, then, was his amazement when received by the renowned bandit at the head of a troop of fifty horse, all regularly armed and accoutred, and paid like soldiers, besides their share of the booty! Nor were the Belgians less surprised by the appearance of the band of the far-famed Schinderhannes, which they found to consist of a handful of foot-travellers, each armed and dressed at his fancy, or according to his means, and led on by a stripling, whose handsome person and engaging manners savoured more of the grove than of the camp. This was the first time he had come in contact with the other bands or branches, composing the vast association to which he belonged; and when he returned to his woods, at the end of the campaign, he set himself seriously to the task of introducing order and etiquette into his own system. Unlike the other bandits, he pursued the Jews with special and unrelenting hostility; and became at length so dreaded by the whole Israelitish race settled in the countries of the Rhine, that they petitioned to be allowed to compound with him, by paying a duty resembling the Black Mail of the Scottish highlands. One of these tributaries, Isaac Herz, an extensive merchant of Sobernheim, was notwithstanding so much alarmed for his life, that he did not dare to stir out of doors without an escort of gendarmes; and this coming to the ears of Schinderhannes, the Jew was summoned to appear before him to answer for the misdemeanour. At the instant appointed, the cadaverous face of Isaac was seen at the robber's gate, where a sentry armed at all points stood on guard. Being admitted, he ascended the stair, and found on the landing-place another sentry, who, on learning his business, announced his name. In a few minutes the door opened, and the Jew, crouched almost to the ground, tottered into the room more dead than alive. Schinderhannes, surrounded by his officers standing under arms, was seated, with a telescope before him, by the side of his beautiful Julia, both magnificently dressed. 'It has been reported to us,' said the captain, in a severe tone, 'that thou goest abroad under an escort of gendarmes: why is this?' The Jew gasped, but not a syllable would come. 'Dost thou not know,' continued Schinderhannes more mildly, 'that if I spake but the word, thou wouldest be shot, wert thou in the midst of a whole troop?' Isaac bent himself to the earth in token of acquiescence, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He paid twenty-six francs for the

audience, and abandoned his unlawful and useless precautions. It is no part of our present task to touch upon the more remarkable exploits of this remarkable personage; and we therefore hurry him to the end of his career. Being captured on the German side of the river, under circumstances involving a good deal of romantic mystery, he was conveyed to Frankfurt, and from thence to Mainz, for trial by the French authorities. In this last journey his companions and fellow-prisoners were his beautiful and faithful Julia, and the famous robber Fetzler. On the way a wheel broke, and the carriage stopped. 'Comrade,' said Fitzer, 'that is like the wheel of our life, which is about to stop for ever!' At Mainz they found a great part of the band waiting for trial; and when the important day came, headed as usual by their chief, escorted by numerous brigades of troops, and surrounded by half the population of the country, these desperate men marched slowly through the streets to the ancient electoral palace. On entering the vast and magnificent saloon of the academy, whose marble walls had heretofore echoed to the strains of music, Schinderhannes stepped lightly to his seat, and looked round upon the thick concourse of the fair, the noble, the learned, and the brave, who had come there for the purpose of gazing upon the redoubted outlaw. He seemed to feel a strange pride in being the hero of the scene. Perhaps his thoughts reverted to his despised childhood — his bitter and degrading stripes — and, even on the brink of destruction, his eye lightened, and the pulses of his life throbbled high, at the contrast. As the trial went on, he was seen frequently to play with his young infant, and to whisper his wife, and press her hands. The evidence against him was overpowering, and the interest of the audience rose to a painful pitch. When the moment of judgment drew near, his fears for Julia shook him like an ague. He frequently cried out, clasping his hands, 'She is innocent! The poor young girl is innocent! It was I who seduced her!' Every eye was wet, and nothing was heard, in the profound silence of the moment, but the sobs of women. Julia, by the humanity of the court, was sentenced first, and Schinderhannes embraced her with tears of joy when he heard that her punishment was limited to two years' confinement. His father received twenty-two years of fetters; and he himself, with nineteen of his band, were doomed to the guillotine. The execution took place on the 21st of November, 1803, when twenty heads were cut off in twenty-six minutes."

After all, we doubt whether a volume like the present, rather a work of art than literature, be amenable to very strict criticism. The plates are the great attraction, and they are perfection.

Our Island: comprising Forgery, a Tale; and the Lunatic, a Tale. 3 vols. London, 1832. E. Bull.

THERE is a great share of talent in these pages, which have also the merit of being laid chiefly among scenes new to a large portion of readers. Many of the characters are drawn with much human life about them; and, in the first tale especially, the interest is well kept up. The object is, first, to show that the punishment of death in cases of forgery is excessive for the crime; secondly, that the power vested in medical men of granting certificates of lunacy is often abused: now, we are more ready to admit the former than the latter position. Ill-minded and bad-hearted individuals

are to be found in every class of which society can consist; but the portraits here drawn, if meant as specimens of a body of, generally speaking, humane and intelligent men, must be over-coloured. We need only preface the following by observing that Mortimer is in prison on a charge of forgery, and proceed to the sketch.

"The great lawyer was on the verge of fifty, well-conditioned, and of a benign aspect. His brow, upon which thought had made deep inroads, was elevated, his look full but vigilant, and there lurked an arched subtlety in his eye which seemed to temper and control its fire. A more discreet choice could not have been adopted by Mr. Soland. Unlike those anxious and overstretching spirits who are miserable if a cause be decided against them, and who are ever distinguishable by a fidgety restlessness on the behalf of their clients, the sergeant presented an unvarying portrait of self-approving quietism. If a verdict went wrong, he regretted, but could not mourn, for he had done his best; and if a second (a rare event!) miscarried, he was soon diverted by the prompt succession of more fortunate exertions. Once, and once only, he had been known to lose that equable command of temper for which he was so remarkable. He lost three verdicts successively. For twenty-four hours he was not the lawyer of calm and temperate dignity, whose example had been quoted as a pattern for the bar. But, at length, he attributed his discomfitures, for he was slightly superstitious, to the introduction of a new coif, to which he had then lately treated himself; and immediately resuming the old, he commenced a career (for so it happened) of unprecedented good fortune. This was the practised advocate who, cheered by the intelligence which Mr. Soland had intimated to him, and by a heavy special retainer, now appeared for the purpose of defeating the energies and tact of the crown lawyers. The sergeant bowed gracefully to Mortimer, surveying his client at the same moment with an earnestness which might be set down as well to the score of compassion as of intense penetration. But the keen look of the counsel was of the latter kind, for he could frequently discern by a glance whether his client were an innocent or a guilty man; and he was wont, without a word, to take his measures accordingly. Whether upon this occasion he had formed a favourable or an inauspicious conjecture, could not be discovered, for he took a seat with the utmost composure. A monotonous accompaniment of humphs and bahs not infrequently attends the relation of a case to the most able pleaders. The sergeant always made it a rule to abstain from any such ventriloquisms (as he used to call them), observing, that they had the effect of perplexing the speaker. A slight but significant inclination of the head, a sedate smile, or a symptom of profound attention, would occasionally be visible; but beyond these the sergeant permitted no gesture or interruption to disturb the thread of the history to which he was listening. Mr. Soland's narration was distinct, and his comments quite triumphant; but the sage whom he addressed said not a word. He looked, indeed, towards Mortimer when the circumstances of the forgery were detailed, but allowed no observation to break in upon the story. The account of the affair being at length finished, the sergeant was of course expected to give his opinion upon the facts. But there was no rashness nor prudence in his manner. He drew from his pocket a ponderous and antique box, and

having offered a pinch to his companions, returned it deliberately, and covered his face with both his hands. 'Tis very strange,' said he, after pausing a considerable time, 'that a young gentleman should be taken from his home in this sudden manner. If the facts, Mr. Soland, be as you have stated them, this gentleman will be entitled to a copy of the indictment, and he will recover very heavy damages in an action on the case.' And so saying, he fixed his shrewd eye again upon Mortimer, who, like a convicted culprit, looked dejected and confused. 'The bank are not in the habit,' continued the sergeant, quite unmoved, 'of proceeding upon such slight grounds as these. 'Tis impossible,' added he with more confidence as Mortimer's agitation evidently increased. 'I thought so, young gentleman,' said the sergeant again, with great urbanity, 'I thought so when I first saw you; there is something more. Part of your story remains untold. You have not even acquainted Mr. Soland with it.' Soland appeared astonished at this alteration in the case, but Mortimer remained silent. 'Tis impossible for me to advise you,' resumed the sergeant, 'unless I am intrusted with the whole case. Your confidence will not be misplaced, for these matters are never mentioned. I recollect,' continued he, 'a man whom I defended, who was hanged for highway robbery, entirely through his assuring me of his innocence. Believing the poor fellow, I took a course which, although if he had not misled me, it would have tended to redeem his honour, yet cost him his life. Let me know the worst at once. I could have saved the man I have been speaking of.' 'Could you?' said Mortimer, eagerly, to Mr. Soland's infinite amazement. The sergeant retained his unbending coolness, and bowed in reply. 'Then I am guilty,' cried Mortimer, with great agitation, 'and for God's sake can any thing be done?' 'You must let me know those little events which you have suppressed, young gentleman,' said the sergeant. Mortimer related the whole matter, without concealing the rencontre at Newmarket. 'Is the prosecutor aware of this circumstance?' inquired the sergeant. 'He is,' replied Mortimer. 'Young gentleman,' said the great lawyer, 'it would be an act of deceit on my part if I were to give you any hopes of answering this evidence; but cheer up, there may be faults in the indictment. You may depend upon my being at my post to render you all the help which my professional skill, small as it may be, can do on your behalf. Mr. Soland,' continued the sergeant, reaching his hat, 'you will not fail to let me have a copy of the indictment as early as possible before the trial; for I really feel an interest in the fate of this young gentleman. We must never despair. Keep up your spirits, sir,' added he, bidding Mortimer farewell; 'many worse cases than this have been got rid of by a flaw in the proceedings. Mr. Soland, I wish you a good day.' And so saying, the great advocate hastened to his carriage, which was ordered back to London without delay.

Scene on the Stock Exchange.—"Two three-quarters!" 'What's the meaning of two three-quarters?' said a stripling of some eighteen years, who had wandered into this scene of active business. 'Ninety-two three-quarters,' said a good-natured broker, with an obvious feeling of compassion for the ignorance of his inquirer. 'What is ninety-two three-quarters,' again asked the young man. 'Consols, to be sure,' returned the broker, passing quickly

forward to another place. 'What do you think of it?—what do you think of things now?' said a stout gentleman, evidently from the country, to a care-worn personage, whose opinion he seemed anxious to gain. The person whom he addressed was a slim, short, withered form, with a forehead as deeply furrowed as though he had been wont for years to poise the balance of empires. His eyes started strangely from their sockets; his lips seemed the eternal utterers of calculation; his long wasted fingers moved to and fro with a precision which close thought alone could have dictated; whilst the jaundiced, sunken cheek betokened the ravages of incessant toils and straining accuracy. 'What do you think?' was the reply of this ghost-like counsellor, who scarcely deigned to cast a look upon his visitor when he spoke. 'I think they'll be lower,' said the other. 'Do you?' was the answer of the broker, who accompanied the exclamation with a convulsive shudder, and a shrewdly penetrating glance. 'What makes you think so?' continued he. 'I think I shall sell ten thousand,' said the countryman. 'Will you?' returned the other, with an air of affected compassion. 'Have you made up your mind?' said he again, after a short pause. 'If you please, sir,' said a gay, tripping young woman, 'will you buy a hundred pounds for me into the funds?' 'Into what funds, my dear?' replied the broker. 'Into the three per cents, sir, if you please—if it's worth your while to take so much trouble.' 'That I will, and very much obliged to you, my dear, although it is but half-a-crown.' And so saying, he sprang out with an alacrity peculiar to his craft, and jerking his hand to his hat, with a sudden bow was almost instantly out of sight. A crowd had now collected at a corner of the Exchange, whose eager looks bore evident witness that something of no common occurrence had happened, or was then at hand. These were the frequenters of the great gambling-house, where the changes of men and times are talked over with as much carelessness as the chances of a horse-race. These were the bulls and bears of that day (according to the phraseology of the place), whose characters were for ever shifting with the tides of fortune. He who was a bull a week since, when the funds were at their height, might be an earnest bear a few days after, upon a decline of those securities. A victory or a peace would be wont to make a hundred bulls, or speculators for a rise; a defeat, a few riots, or an unfavourable report, would turn the whole hundred bears beyond redemption. But now there seemed to be something quite rare; it could not be a battle or a conquest—for profound peace reigned throughout the land; it could hardly be a mere disturbance—for an event of that sort would never stir up such a commotion as the present: it was an affair, to judge by the riveted gaze of the multitude, of most unpromising appearance. At this moment, when heads and shoulders were mixed up together in a most motley assembly, a youth, a stranger, who had long watched the party with curiosity, ventured amongst them: but his presence was instantly detected, and no sooner perceived than resented. A general clamour arose; one seized the unhappy intruder by the shoulders, another pulled him by the coat, a third knocked off his hat, and it cannot be ascertained to what extent the violence would have been carried on, had not the young man dexterously extricated himself from his tormentors. Gladly enough did he scamper down the court, into whose precincts he had so incautiously entered; and

it is even said, that he felt his pockets as he issued forth from the inhospitable land, fearing that, instead of being punished for his curiosity, he had perchance fallen among thieves. The mysterious conversation still went on; but its purport remained concealed from the public, who continued to stray about the Exchange, buying and selling, as the fancy of each prompted. At length rumours of strange occurrences reached the barrier of that unapproachable spot; and truths, which would have been kept secret had it been possible, were no longer suppressed. It is customary when a failure takes place at the great mart of money, for an individual, appointed to the office, to strike several times against the wall with his hand. This signal announces that bankruptcy has happened: the speculating mob rush together with eagerness to gain the name of the defaulter, and each begins to anticipate the accuracy of his own private surmises. Presently the name is mentioned, and the accounts are of course referred to the all-powerful committee; whilst, if the unfortunate insolvent be a man of note, a hundred tongues are let loose at once, and become profusely slanderous, as jealousy or interest may chance to dictate. 'Bang—bang—bang,' resounded at this time against the wall more than once, or twice, or thrice: the assembly were aghast; no one knew precisely the cause of such united disasters, though whispers of a general bankruptcy were by no means silent. 'Bang—bang—bang.' Consols eighty-eight—seven—six—five—four—three—two—one. 'Bang—bang—bang.' Failures for ten, twenty, fifty—one hundred thousand. The public soon participated in the terror—confusion, panic, suspicion, despair, succeeded; and in a very short interval as great an alarm prevailed as when the pretender, of fading memory, was marching to London with his handful of Scots. In a quarter of an hour after the breaking out of the rumour, one thousand pounds were worth a diamond of double their cost; and in a short half hour after that, no ordinary man would advance five hundred pounds to his neighbour upon any pretence.

We hope to meet our author again; and as a word at parting, advise him to avoid exaggeration, keep his story closer together, and study curtailment. There is not only talent and general merit in this production, but the promise of better things.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XXXV. History of Spain and Portugal. Vol. IV. London, 1832. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

THE most interesting volume that has yet appeared of the history of the Peninsula. It contains a luminous view of early Spanish jurisprudence, and a concise but ample biographical account of the first authors of the country and their works. The state of Mahomedan Spain is first treated of, and the writer then proceeds to that under the Christian dominion; the former far exceeding the latter in civilisation. Our object being rather miscellaneous information than investigation, we shall give some amusing miracles of the Virgin; perhaps the most characteristic instances we could choose of the ignorant superstition of the age.

"Milegro the third acquaints us with the death of a devotee, who came to a violent end, and, not being judged worthy to be interred in consecrated ground, was hastily thrown into a ditch. Incensed at the dishonour thus offered to his remains, the Glorious appeared to a priest of the same church, and commanded that they should be removed to a decent tomb, threaten-

ing to take ample vengeance unless her commands were obeyed. Her will was speedily done: on opening the ditch, a flower of exquisite fragrance was seen growing from the mouth, and the tongue exhibited all the freshness of life. Sometimes she appeared to her dying suppliant, taking care that the soul should be escorted by angels to its eternal reward. Generally, however, her worshippers were too wicked thus summarily to enter heaven, and were fortunate enough to escape, for a time, the doom they deserved. Thus there was a notorious robber by profession, who, with all his crimes, never failed to repeat his Ave, and to bow before the image or picture of Our Lady whenever he saw one. At length he was taken, condemned to be hung, and led away to the gallows, which had been erected for him; there his eyes were covered, the rope adjusted to his neck, and up he was hoisted, amidst the acclamations of the spectators, who exulted in his well-merited punishment. In appearance, no Jack Ketch could have done his business more dexterously or more effectually; so that, after gazing a time, the crowd departed, together with the ministers of justice. On the third day came the kindred and friends of the culprit to cut down the body and honour it with the rights of sepulture; but, instead of a corpse, they found the rogue, not merely alive, but merry and laughing. He told them that no sooner had the hangman pulled away the platform, than the Glorious placed her hands under his feet, and held them there as comfortably as if he had been seated in an arm-chair; he would have been glad to hang a whole year! The wondrous news flew from mouth to mouth; but some there were who did not believe it, and who exclaimed that he had practised some trick to escape the gallows and the devil. Again was he clutched by the hand of the law, and sentenced to be beheaded; and again did the Glorious befriend him! in vain did the executioners strike; they could not so much as touch him. Astonished at the miracle, they acknowledged the hand of Heaven, and left him in peace. It is added, that he amended his life, and died in a good old age. Milagro the seventh introduces us to another monk, whose fate resembles that of our drowned Benedictine friend. This man neglected every precept of his order, nor did he care for any penance that was set him; he was, besides, a perfect epicure: in short, his reverence appeared no better than one of the wicked. At length he died as he had lived, 'without taking Corpus Domini or hearing confession,' and, of course, away went the devils with his soul. His fate did not at first touch Our Lady, merciful as she is wont to be; but St. Peter, in whose monastery he had professed and lived, saw and pitied it, and knelt before the throne of Christ, to procure his release. To most readers what follows may appear to border on impiety; but nothing is more certain, than that the author was incapable of such wickedness, and that he wrote in full assurance of faith. 'My dear Peter,' was the reply, 'well knowest thou what David says, that whosoever would enter on the hill of Zion must be blameless, and without stain of sin. But this one for whom thou kneelest, neither worked righteousness, nor lived without sin: how, therefore, can he merit a seat among the happy on high?' Convincing as was the reply, it did not quell the ardour of the apostle: thinking that other advocates might be more effectual, he employed them to make the same request; but, as may be expected, with the same want of success. 'He now turned to the Glorious Mother of our

Don, and to the virgins of her household,' who went in a body to repeat the request; 'and when Don Christo saw the Glorious, and so goodly a procession of her friends, he rose to meet them with a right good will.' Happy the soul which could see such a scene! 'Mother,' said Don Christo, 'much do I wish to know what can have brought you and this fair company.' 'Son,' replied she, 'I come to ask a boon for the soul of a monk in such a monastery. 'Mother,' returned he, 'most unfit would it be for the soul of such a man to enjoy such happiness as is here: if this were done, then were all holy scripture made of none effect. Yet, through your prayer, we will do something: yea, through love of you, I will do this,—let the soul return to the body in which it dwelt, do penance as becometh a sinner, and strive for salvation by better deeds.' When San Pedro heard this sweet decision, he saw that his business was as good as done: he turned to the devils, that viperous race, and took from them the soul, much against their will. In accordance with the divine decree, the monk was restored to life; and though he remained a whole day in a kind of stupor, he recovered his senses, and related the wondrous things he had suffered. 'This was no common miracle,' adds Berceo. 'Let no one doubt of it in his heart, nor say whether this thing could be or not. Let him place his affections on the Glorious, and soon will he find that we relate nothing contrary to reason. As the Glorious is full of mercy and grace, and free from stain, no petition could she make which would be denied: how could such a son to such a mother say nay?'

'Milagro the twentieth exhibits an equal instance of her maternal care. A monk one day entered a wine-shop, and drank so deeply that he could not stand on his legs, but laid himself down on the ground. There he remained until the approach of evening, when the vesper-bell smiting his ear, roused him to something like recollection. With difficulty he raised himself, and staggered along the cloisters towards the door of the church. As he proceeded, what should meet him but the devil, in the shape of a bull, which was preparing to gore him with its horns, when the Glorious descended, and with her mantle scared the enemy away. Just, however, as he was beginning to ascend the steps, the same devil assailed him, in another form; but the same aid was at hand. The third attack was more serious: a large lion, and fierce as large, obstructed his passage, and opened its jaws to devour him. In consternation, he invoked Our Lady's aid; and, as before, she immediately appeared—this time with a large staff in her hand. 'Don Traitor,' said she to the lion, 'hast thou no fear of me? I will now give thee thy deserts, and make thee know what an enemy thou hast dared to brave!' She began lustily to lay on the beast; 'never were his sides so lathered in his life.' 'Don Traitor,' said the Glorious, 'let me again catch thee here, and thou shalt be drubbed still better!' Well pleased was Don Devil to scamper away, and long was it before he was cured of his bruises. Anxious to see her votary in safety, the Glorious took him lovingly by the hand, led him to his dormitory, laid him gently in bed, threw the coverlid over him, put on his night-cap, and said, 'Lie still: for well tired art thou, and a little sleep will recover thee. To-morrow, when thou arise, go to my friend such-a-one, and confess to him; for he is a good man, and well I know he will give thee a heavy penance.' The drunken knave by this

time was sufficiently recovered to ask her name; and knowing that she was the mother of our Lord, he attempted to rise and fall at her feet; but she vanished from his eyes. The following day he made his confession, and was absolved, devout astonishment at the condescension of heaven's great queen. Her praises were soon resounded throughout the monastery, both by night and day.'

As a literary specimen, we quote the following from an entertaining analysis of the *Poema de Alejandro*, written by Juan Lorenzo. The hero has just sent home the news of his success.

'Greatly were his kindred delighted; but no one so much as graybeard Aristotle, who, for joy, leaped three paces at a spring. India is entered, Forus pursued; the elephants are described, and creatures larger than elephants; the country is conquered. But the Greek was not satisfied. 'Don Jupiter,' said he, 'made seven worlds, and I have yet subdued but one.' And of this one he thought he had not seen half: he had heard of the antipodes, and he resolved to seek them by sea. He and his soldiers embarked, were soon lost in the boundless ocean, and assailed by a furious tempest. So great were his dangers and fatigues, that Ulysses was not to be compared with him. As he toiled on the wide waste of waters, the idea suddenly struck him, that he should like to see with his own eyes what the fishes were doing, and how the little ones contrived to live with the great ones. Accordingly, he caused a large glass vessel to be made; entered it, with two of his companions; ordered it to be let down by chains into the water, and not to be raised up until fifteen days were passed. The royal prince was acknowledged by the finny tribe, who swam round his glass habitation, and paid him all possible honour. 'By my faith,' said the king, 'but no prince was ever better attended.' When he saw that the strong tyrannised over the weak, that the great fed on the small, he began to moralise. 'It is every where the same: in all places the most powerful does the most evil; and he who has most, wishes for more: birds and beasts, men and fish,—all are alike!' On his return from the watery realms, he continued for some time longer on the deep; but not finding what he wanted, he gave orders that the fleet should steer for land. Don Beelzebub, however, in the fear that he might invade hell, convoked an assembly of the infernal chiefs. 'The Greek king, that fierce conqueror, has subdued every thing,—men, beasts, serpents, and fishes,—and been seeking the antipodes: he intends to break into our realm, and land both me and you with chains. It is written in the Scriptures, that hell shall some time be taken: what time I know not; but let us be upon our guard.' Great, we are told, were the lamentations of the throng on hearing this news: they began to grind their teeth like dogs eager to worry each other. One little devil at length rose, and bade his comrades be of good cheer—for in a very short time the Count Don Antipater should be induced to poison their dreaded enemy. This brings us to the last scenes of Alexander's life. He returned towards Babylon; but in his journey he passed a palace situated on a small island, where dwelt a venerable man, a descendant of Apollo, who lived on celestial incense. By this sage he was persuaded to go on pilgrimage to two trees, at a small distance, both which could see into futurity, and would tell him his fate. A second time, in pilgrim's weeds, with staff in hand, he trudged on foot; and on arriving at

the consecrated spot, one of the prophetic trees said to him.—'My lord, I know your secret thoughts: you wish to rule the whole earth, and it shall be yours; but never shall you return into Greece.' The other added, 'Thou wilt be slain by traitors; poison is prepared for thee!' In vain did he seek to know by what hands it should be administered. 'No, no!' replied the tree, with great sageness; 'if I told thee the traitor's name, thou wouldst behead him, and the star of fate would not be worth a fig.' As he still journeyed towards Babylon, the desire took him to see the whole earth: he procured two griffins, which carried him over it. The poet does not fail to acquaint us with its shape; it is that of a man. The body is Asia, the eyes are the sun and moon; the arms are the cross, the holy sign of man's redemption; the left leg is Africa, the right is Europe; the skin is formed of the sea; the flesh of the soil; the bones are of rocks; the veins are the rivers; the hairs of the head are the grass of the field, in which the poet tells us there is abundant game. Leaving these extravagant fancies, on reaching the end of his journey the first part of the prophecy was fulfilled: ambassadors from all kingdoms were assembled to acknowledge his universal empire, and do him homage. The second part soon had its completion. On a great festival, in which *Te Deum laudamus* was sung by the people, in presence of the world's emperor, a creature of Antipater threw poison into the imperial goblet, and the kingdoms of the earth were in a few hours without a master.

There is a very pretty vignette by Corbould of the martyrdom of St. Columba, which adds to the great merit of this volume as a contribution to illustrate the most interesting portion of the history of Spain and Portugal.

The Forget Me Not for 1833. Edited by F. Shoberl. London, 1833. R. Ackermann. A friend with a new face; how many a fair dame would rejoice thus annually to renew her countenance, and, as in this case, for the better! for the *Forget Me Not* of this year is an improvement on the last. Among the tales, we must specify "Jack Shaddock," by Miss Isbel Hill, a singularly new and vivid sketch to have come from a feminine pen; "Death and the Fisherman," an old legend, but excellently told; and "The Murdered Tinman," a good Americanism. Among the poems, we must particularise Miss Howitt's; there is a grace and originality about them too much wanted in their companions. Next week, if possible, we will give her animated version of "The Goodwives of Wunsberg," from the German of Burger; but we received the volume too late to admit of extract.

Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath. A Christmas and New-Year's Present for 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE must again say, that we received this volume too late for extract; the hasty glance, however, that we have taken shews nothing of either such striking merit or novelty as to make us regret their omission: from this remark we except "The Armada," a bold and spirited poem by Thomas B. Macaulay; and "Carl Blewen and the Strange Mariner," is a well-told old legend, by D. Conway; and "The Mysterious Stranger, or the Bravo of Banff," by Leitch Ritchie, one of his very best short stories. "The Old Maids" is good and natural; but we cannot approve of the practice of filling the pages of an Annual from those of a defunct magazine—the public expect novelty at least.

There are two or three pretty things by names as yet but little known, while our established writers seem to have exerted themselves in somewhat scant proportion.

The Comic Offering, or Ladies' Mélange for 1833. Edited by L. H. Sheridan. pp. 346. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE influx of Annuals upon us at a late period of the week only affords us an opportunity of saying of Miss Sheridan's third *Comic Offering* that it is a marked improvement upon her preceding volumes, in humour both literary and graphic. It is as full of puns and witticisms as a plum pudding is full of plums. The articles are shorter than heretofore, and consequently more various and agreeable; for drollery ought never to be too long pursued. Next Saturday we shall exemplify our very favourable opinion; and in the mean time heartily recommend this *Offering* to every lover of mirth.

Fortsetzung der Correspondenz-Nachricht aus Krakau; Zweite Fortsetzung.—Continuation of Advice from Cracow, &c.

OUR readers may remember that in our *Gazette* of the 28th of July we introduced to them his Majesty Siegfried Justus I. We have just received the two pamphlets, the titles of which are prefixed to our present notice. The first is a sort of exhortation or manifesto of the said king of Israel, addressed to all the inhabitants of the earth. It is tolerably well written; and its morality is of the purest kind, but characterised throughout by the ravings of enthusiasm and fanaticism. Mahometans, Jews, and Christians, are on an equal footing with this *lackland* potentate; for, although he acknowledges the Saviour, he says that as they all worship the same God, they are of the same religion. The second contains a number of ordinances issued in the name of his said majesty, establishing governments, lieutenantancies, &c., and the three orders of knighthood which we formerly mentioned.

Sheldrake on Animal Mechanics. Part I. 8vo. pp. 347. London, 1832. Renshaw and Rush; Higley; Burgess and Hill; Wilson.

MR. SHELDRAKE is the ingenious mechanist whose apparatus for the prevention and cure of spinal curvature is here explained at large; and the work is consequently worthy of the attention of those who are affected by any disease in this important part of the human structure.

A Funeral Address delivered in Southwark Chapel, &c. after the Interment of Dr. Adam Clarke. By Joseph Beaumont. 12mo. pp. 50. London, 1832. Simpkin and Marshall; Baynes and Son; Parker.

FROM this discourse, which we recommend to readers of every denomination, we select an anecdote curious in a literary point of view. When young Clarke was at the Kingswood school, "it was winter (says the preacher), and he was sent into a room to study alone, and without a fire. Looking out of his window one day, he saw some men digging in the garden; and being much annoyed with cold, he went to try to warm himself by breaking the clods after them: whilst thus employed, he found half-a-guinea, which he immediately took to Mr. Bailey, then head master, afterwards Dr. Bailey, of the Old Church at Manchester. Inquiry being made, it was claimed by one of the masters, to whom it was accordingly given; but who, after some time,

brought it to Mr. Clarke, declaring that, whether it was his or not, he resolved not to retain it, having been miserable ever since he received it. Mr. Clarke being obliged to take the half-guinea again, disposed of it in procuring books, which, it is believed, laid the foundation of his future eminence as an oriental scholar."

Percival's Anatomy of the Horse. 8vo. pp. 454. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

CONTAINING every information which the owner of a horse could desire.

An Essay on the Principles and Constitution of Military Bridges, and the Passage of Rivers in Military Operations. By Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. K.S.B. C.B., &c. 2d edition. 8vo. pp. cire. 450. London, 1832. T. and W. Boone.

OR this valuable work we expressed a very high opinion when it was first published; and now that the able author has added much important new matter to it, we need only say that it is worthy of his own high reputation as a tactician and military engineer; and that no soldier in Europe can know his business thoroughly without consulting it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW PATENTS

Granted by his Majesty for Inventions.—Sealed, 1833.

William Joyce, of Bow, for certain improvements in the making or constructing of collars for horses and other animals.

Daniel Horton and George Horton, of the Leys Ironworks, Kingswinford, Stafford, for an improved puddling furnace for the better production of manufactured iron in the process of obtaining it from the pig.

George Jones, John Barker, John Jones, of Wolverhampton, and James Foster, of Stourbridge, for their invention and improvement on the process now in use for producing or making malleable iron.

Caroline Eliza Anne Burges, of Beaufort, Sussex, for an improvement or apparatus for sketching, drawing, or delineating.

John Osborne Mosley and George Bell, of Primrose Hill, Salisbury Square, for their invention or improvement in the making or manufacturing of pill or other boxes from paste-board, paper, or other materials, which improvements are applicable to other purposes.

Nicholas Troughton, of Swansea, for an improvement or improvements in preparing the materials for, and in producing a cement applicable to building and other purposes, which he denominates *metalline cement*.

Pierre Frederic Fischer, of Chester Place, Regent's Park, for an invention, communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, of certain improvements in piano-fortes.

John Brown and Thomas Heyes, of Heaton Norris, Lancaster, for an improvement in the machinery used for spinning cotton, silk, flax, and other fibrous substances, commonly called *throstles*.

Richard Budnall, of Douglas, Isle of Man, for his improvement in the construction or formation of the frames or rails, or lines of rail, or frame-roads, upon which locomotive engines shall or may work.

Richard Whytock, of Edinburgh, for his invention of an improved method or manufacture which facilitates the production of regular figures or patterns on different fabrics, particularly velvet, velvet pile, and Brussels, Wilton, and Turkey carpets.

Richard Trevithick, of Camborne, Cornwall, for an improvement or improvements on the steam-engine, and in the application of steam-power to navigation and to locomotion.

John Howard Kyan, of Gillingham Street, Plimlico, for an improved mode of preserving paper, canvass, cloth, and cordage, for ships and other uses, and the raw materials of hemp, flax, or cotton, from which the same may wholly or in part be made.

Newton and Berry.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bulter's Medical Chest Directory and Family Catalogue of Drugs, Chemicals, &c. 12mo. pp. 227. 3d edition. Dublin, 1832. Butlers.

WE have not seen the preceding editions of this useful volume, but do not wonder, on looking it over, that it should have reached a third impression. For common family reference, for the Lady Bountifuls (if such now exist in country quarters), for clergymen, and

other benevolent persons who may be called upon to assist the sick, or those who have met with accidents at a distance from medical advice, this Chest is an excellent guide. We cordially recommend it to notice, as a work which may assuage much human misery, and enable every one to do good to his fellow-creatures.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Seventeen Illustrations to the Keepsake for 1833. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

In our last No. we spoke in general terms of the excellence of these illustrations. We will now particularise a few of those the beauty of which has struck us most forcibly.

The Adieu, painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A., engraved by C. Heath. We know not which we more admire, the loveliness of the countenance or the taste evinced in the general disposition of the figure and drapery, the talent of the painter or that of the engraver; but this we do know, that the result is one of the most fascinating gems that we ever gazed upon.

Rosina, painted by W. Boxall, engraved by J. C. Edwards. Of Mr. Boxall we always thought highly, and he is amply justifying our opinion and expectations of him. Neither Metz nor Terburg ever produced a more charming and harmonious composition than this; and it has been sweetly engraved by Mr. Edwards.—*The Bridemaid*, painted by E. T. Parris, engraved by C. Heath. We have too frequently eulogised this tasteful and exquisite figure to render it necessary for us to say more than that, as might easily be anticipated, it has lost nothing of its grace and expression in the masterly hands of Mr. Heath.—*Ehrenbreitstein*, painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., engraved by R. Wallis; *Fall of the Rhine*, painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., engraved by J. B. Allen. Sparkling as nature herself, in her most luminous aspect.—*Juliet*, painted by H. Liverseege, engraved by C. Heath. It is with mingled pleasure and pain that we contemplate this simple and expressive group; pleasure excited by our admiration of its beauty, but damped by the painful reflection that the hand which traced it, and from which so much might have justly been expected, is cold in the grave!—*Pepita*, painted by G. Cattermole, engraved by C. Rolls: spirited and powerful.—*Jeanie Deans asleep in the Barn*, painted by H. Richter, engraved by C. Rolls. Almost painfully interesting; but treated with great vigour and success.

The Medallion of his Majesty, after Chantrey and Wyon, is a singular curiosity. "Let no man mock us," as Leontes says, under circumstances of similar perplexity, but we actually passed our finger over the surface before we felt satisfied that our eye was deceived in considering it as other than plane.

Twenty-six Illustrations to the Picturesque Annual for 1833. From Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

REALLY we entertain a strong suspicion that the numerous classes of our friends on the other side of the channel, who are interested in promoting the visits of the rich and luxurious English, have combined to bribe Mr. Stanfield to give to his representations of continental scenery such charms as may render the attraction irresistible. If this be actually the case, we can certify that he has fairly earned his reward; for it is impossible to contemplate the great majority of these delightful

views without feeling the most intense desire to behold substances, of which even the shadows are so fascinating. It is in vain for the pen to attempt adequately and intelligibly to describe the various admirable qualities of the pencil which are displayed in the fine collection before us; but, if we thought we could do so without committing injustice towards the specimens which we abstain from noticing, we would point out as pre-eminently beautiful, *Bingen*, engraved by R. Wallis; *Rheinstein*, engraved by J. Smith; *Frankfort*, engraved by W. Hill; *Mill near the Hague*, engraved by R. Brandard; *Homeward Bound*, engraved by W. Miller; *Ghent*, engraved by J. Lewis; *Binger*, engraved by W. Floyd; *Andernach*, engraved by R. Brandard; *Rotterdam*, engraved by J. Carter; *Bruges*, engraved by S. Lacey; *Nonnenwert*, engraved by J. C. Varrall; *Coblence*, from *Ehrenbreitstein*, engraved by J. Cousins; *Cologne*, engraved by J. T. Willmore; *Brussels*, engraved by J. H. Kernot; *On the Scheldt, near Antwerp*, engraved by R. Wallis; *Near Bonn*, engraved by C. Heath; *Castle of Heydelberg*, engraved by J. T. Willmore; *Heydelberg*, engraved by R. Wallis; &c. &c. &c.

Illustrations of Ackermann's Forget me Not. 1833.

A NUMBER of very various and pleasing subjects adorn this year the *Dean of the Annuals*, and maintain its station amid all the efforts of brilliant rivalry. Of these S. A. Hart has supplied a fine and affecting group, on which an equally fine and affecting tale, entitled "Giulietta," by L. E. L., has been founded. Prout has a most picturesque bit of old German architecture; a striking engraving is made from Martin's Joshua; and Barret has a beautiful landscape. In addition to these, Richter, J. Wood, Macpherson, Buss, Chisholm, &c., furnish fanciful, humorous, and familiar scenes, which have been transferred by the burin with great accuracy and effect. At present we have not time to say more.

Illustrations of the Amulet. 1833.

FROM the vignette of "the Lute," from Liverseege, to the end of these plates, we have little else than excellent choice of subject, and great beauty of execution. The "Gentle Student," from Newton, is one of the sweetest things we ever saw. The "Golden Age," "Kemble as Cato," the "Evening Star," and "Her Grace of Richmond," after Lawrence, are all charming; while the "Young Navigators," by Mulready, is a captivating transcript of that picture which was so popular in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. But perhaps the gem of the collection will be considered to be the "Theft of the Cap," by Wilkie; one of Lord Mulgrave's pictures, and an admirable specimen of the artist. The drollery of the scene—the old man with the child's cap, and the endeavours of the latter to regain it, are expressed with a degree of force and humour not to be surpassed. We would give the price of the *Amulet* for this print alone.

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part XVIII. Fisher and Co.

"THE Pass of Makundra," well known "as the first place at which the division, under General Monson, came in actual contact with the troops of Holkar, during the celebrated, though disastrous, retreat of that commander, in the rains of the year 1804;" "The Interior of Dher Warra, Caves of Ellora," of which

caves Captain Elliot expresses his just surprise, "that there should not only be no account of the period at which such stupendous and beautiful works were executed in Hindoo history or tradition, but that even no clue should be found by which the searching spirit of the present possessors of India might be able to solve a question of so much interest as the origin of these extraordinary excavations involves;" and "Jumma Musjid-Mandoo, the finest and largest specimen of the Afghan mosque to be seen in any part of India;" are the three beautifully executed plates which ornament the eighteenth part of Captain Elliot's highly interesting publication.

Gems of British Landscape. From Drawings made upon the spot by C. Marshall, With Topographical and Historical Illustrations. No. 1. Gibbs.

So abundant is rich and picturesque scenery in this favoured island, that it is undoubtedly true, as stated by the publishers of the work under our notice, that "numerous as are the views of its own country, with which the British public has been made familiar through the glowing pencils of its many eminent artists, there still exist 'home spots' of great and varied beauty, comparatively unknown to the mass of the community. From such as these," it is added, "the *Gems of British Landscape* will be selected." The first No. contains—"Dartmouth Castle," "Lyme Regis," and "Hamstead Heath." The views are all executed with great spirit; but, in consequence of that excessive opposition of black and white, which is but too prevalent in mezzotint plates, they are sadly deficient in the fine quality of art called "keeping."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.*

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.
For He whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind—
Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind!
To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth!
There was waiting on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by;
Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair!

* We cannot insert this poem from an old correspondent and a delightful poet, without expressing our admiration of the beauty of the original thought, and of its touching execution. Few tributes to the memory of Scott will draw more tears.—*Ed. L. G.*

Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask,
"Can this be true?"

Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels
to our view:—

Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that
which we behold,

When dreams enchant our sight with things
whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—methought the "dauntless
Harold" passed me by—

The proud "Fitz-James," with martial step,
and dark, intrepid eye;

That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there,
a mourner for his sake;

And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet "Lady
of the Lake."

The "Minstrel," whose last lay was o'er,
whose broken harp lay low,

And with him glorious "Waverley," with
glance and step of woe;

And "Stuart's" voice rose there, as when,
'midst fate's disastrous war,

He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave
"Ich Ian Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dom-
inie" stalk'd past,

With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose
tears were flowing fast;

"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'er-
power'd by that afflicting sight;

And "Merlins," as when she wept on Ellan-
gowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkbarns" approached,
amidst that burial line;

And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and
mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"

Slow march'd the gallant "McIntyre," whilst
"Love!" mused alone;

For once, "Miss Wardour's" image left that
bosom's faithful throne!

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came
"Mac Gregor's" clan—

Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—
"Rob Roy's" bold brow look'd wan;

The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd
its sainted ray;

And "Wae is me!" the "Baillie" sighed,
"that I should see this day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre
vest and scarf,

Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-re-
nowned "Black Dwarf;"

Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks
flowing free—

The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old
Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the
"Lord of Evandale,"

And stately "Lady Margaret," whose woe might
nought avail!

Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as
from the conflict won;

And pale "Habakkuk Mucklewraith," who
cried, "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms
mid wildest scenes,

Passed she,—the modest, eloquent, and virtu-
ous "Jeanie Deans;"

And "Dumbiedikes," that silent laird, with
love too deep to smile,

And "Edie," with her noble friend, the good
"Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Rav-
enswood" advanced,

Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mien with
eye indignant glanced;

Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert
close and sure,

Approach'd the beauty of all hearts—the
"Bride of Lammermoor!"

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light
and song, stepped near,

The "Knight of Ardenvohr," and he, the
gifted Hieland Soer;

"Dalgetty," "Duncan," "Lord Monteith,"
and "Ranald," met my view—

The hapless "Children of the Mist," and
bold "Mhich-Connel-Dhu!"

On swept "Bois Guilbert"—"Front de
Beuf"—"De Bracy's" plume of woe;

And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the
valiant "Ivanhoe;"

While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowena"
closer drew,

With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daughter
of the Jew!

Still onward like the gathering night advanced
that funeral train—

Like billows when the tempest sweeps across
the shadowy main:—

Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble
ranks were seen

Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and
woman's beauteous mien!

A sound thrilled through that lengthening host!
methought the vault was closed,

Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's
bard reposed!—

A sound thrilled through that lenth'ning host!
and forth my vision fled!—

But, ah!—that mournful dream proved true,—
the immortal Scott was dead!

Manchester.

C. SWAIN.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THERE are some advantages belonging to the weekly critic which those who live from day to day do not enjoy; though the latter have also some peculiar privileges. For instance, they go hot from the theatre with their opinions hot, which are immediately hot-pressed, and before an author can tell, himself, whether he is a prosperous gentleman or a goblin damned, half the town are well acquainted with the fact either way—and those who read several papers, both ways; for our oracles are by no means wonderful in their agreement. And then the public are so used to this kind of contradiction, that though they are much influenced and led by the daily journals, they seldom or never complain of their deceiving; whereas if an honoured weekly commits the slightest blunder, there is "—to pay, and no pitch hot." But then, as we have confessed, we have our little advantages:—many dramas are dead before our turn comes, and, unless we were dissectors instead of critics, we can save ourselves the trouble of cutting up, or advising cutting down, or any other kind of cutting whatsoever. And we fear that the *Factory Girl* is one of these unfortunate waifs. It was played last Saturday, and a morning paper assured us, that from its name it might be anticipated that it was not only a domestic but a moral drama. Now, for the life of us, we could not see how the words "the factory girl," indicated a moral, till a punning friend informed us it must be in contradistinction to a man-you-factory girl, which would have predicated immorality; and that, in fact, the title was altogether a misnomer, for as the *dénouement* turned upon a flower, it ought to have been the ol-factory. We answered, that

a tulip had no scent; but he said that did not signify, for in the drama it was raised from some seed the artisan had preserved, whereas, except upon the stage tulips were propagated by bulbs. The truth of the matter, however, is, that Mr. Jerrold did not succeed in this attempt, which we hope will not discourage a writer of his talent from pursuing his dramatic course. It is a most difficult thing to handle the pathetic and tragic in every-day life; and either above, or below, or one side of the mark, is a failure. The least coarseness revolts the mind, the slightest inconsistency dispels the illusion of actual distress—the only appeal to the feelings. Mr. Jerrold's aim is a noble one—to abate selfishness and hard-hearted disregard of human suffering; but we are not sure that the subjects he chooses, and his mode of treating them, are the best adapted to the end he has in view. There are many great and rich people of tolerable humanity—some landlords who do not crush their tenants,—yea, though dangerous to hint it in these times, a few really Christian and benevolent parsons; while on the other score there are some infamous and ungrateful scamps among the lower orders—some tenants who deserve to be turned adrift—and some factory girls no better than they should be—no offence to Miss Phillips, who was really better than she should be in the character, with her twilips and all! But the plot was bad, the incidents improbable, and the catastrophe impotent. And thus it comes that we, having said so much of nothing, have nothing to say of the *Factory Girl*.

On Tuesday after the *Jealous Wife*, cast with a comic force worthy of the better days of the regular and legitimate drama,* a one-act comic entertainment, from the pen of Don T. de Trueba, and called *Mr. and Mrs. Pringle*, was performed. If continual laughter be a test of success, this little piece was most successful. It is just such a smart and lively thing, with pleasant dialogue, and admirably acted, as we have seen at the *Variétés* in Paris; to which genus it unquestionably belongs, from its resemblance to *La Famille Jabotot*, or *La Veuve sans Enfants*, lately executed there, but without a far-ten to sustain, so imitatively, the principal part. The story is simple enough.—*Mr. Pringle* marries *not* to have a family, and he finds himself surrounded by a very numerous one ready made. Their appearance, his annoyance and despair, and all the etcetera of needy sons-in-law and noisy grand-children, make a ludicrous scene; and the writer deserves great credit for the talent with which he has fitted it for representation. That talent we are glad to hear furnishes a comedy, *The Man of Pleasure*, to be brought out immediately at this theatre. If M. Trueba can get audiences to laugh as cordially through five acts as through this one, he will tire them enough.

On Wednesday *Pizarro* did not draw no house; and we should have wondered if it had, notwithstanding the splendid *Rolla* of Macready. On Thursday the *Freischütz*, as a first, was rather odd, after our having it so often as a last piece; but it had the voice of Braham, a sufficient recommendation, and a bumping house rewarded his spirited exertions with immense applause.

* Mr. Oakley, Mr. Macready, Major Oakley, Mr. Cooper; Russell, Mr. Farrer, Sir Harry Bougle, Mr. Hatley; Paris, Mr. J. Russell; Captain O'Cutler, Mr. Power; Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Glover; Lady Freestone, Miss Kenneth; and Harriet, Miss A. Mordaunt, her first appearance here, who looked very pretty.

† In the others Mrs. Glover, C. Jones, Humby, Miss Cawse, Balis, Brindal, &c. played with much spirit.

To-night a happy idea is started—a pageant, with a number of the characters from Sir Walter Scott's dramatised novels, in honour of their departed creator. Who, after Shakespeare, has better deserved such a tribute?

COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday Mr. Butler, a provincial performer of deserved celebrity, made his London debut as *Hamlet*; a part so full of traditions, recollections, and comparisons, that we can only consider it, as we do, a school exercise—a thing to see if the boy has the right ability and feeling to entitle him to undertake a leading line in tragedy. We do not like to pledge ourselves on a single trial of this kind; but we may safely say that Mr. Butler displayed perfect acquaintance with the stage, a tolerable conception of *Hamlet*, and most of the qualities which, with judicious culture and management, constitute an actor. He is tall, and consequently, like poor Conway (but we trust without his highly sensitive feelings), obnoxious to little critics; his countenance is expressive, and his voice (though it failed him in the louder efforts) very good. The first three acts were very satisfactorily done: the last two not so well.

OLYMPIC.

THE novelty of the week here was Miss Murray, whose essay at Richmond we noticed in a manner which indicated our anticipation of her future excellence in the best walks of comedy. On Tuesday she appeared in the character of *Mary Dobbs*, in *My Daughter*, Sir, a burlesque by Planché, originally performed at the Haymarket. On the first night we can only speak in praise of the beauty of the fair *débütante*; for her trepidation was too great to allow her to exhibit her talents in acting. But, on the Wednesday, when the piece was repeated far more correctly, she fully justified our hopes. Strikingly handsome, lady-like, animated, a sweet figure, playful expression, and pleasing voice, she played the part delightfully, and was cheered throughout with deserved applause. So young and so new to the stage, we observed no fault which a little practice will not amend. Of these, rather studied positions and artificial airs in tripping or walking, must be abandoned for ease and greater quietude—repose is far more effective than motion. Miss M. must also dress for her character, and not for herself. *Mary*, in a country morning dress, ought not to have a bare neck, however lovely, nor bare arms, however graceful. Mademoiselle Mars would have worn a neat high and long-sleeved gown; and then the contrast to the finery would have been infinitely better. These, however, are but hints; and we congratulate the town on so fair and promising an accession to its dramatic enjoyment.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

HAYMARKET, October 5th.—Kean in *Sir Giles Overreach* gave his ring to *Alworth*, and sent him to his chaplain to marry *Lord Lovel* and *Margaret*, when the former was on the stage, and *Alworth* was only going with a letter from him to the latter. For consistency's sake Mr. Kean omitted this in the subsequent scene where it was required. *Margaret* (Mrs. Ashton), by forgetting to answer her father's advice with

"I have heard this is the wanton's fashion, sir, Which I must never learn,"

cut Mr. Kean out of a speech wherein he makes one of his most striking points. Mrs. Glover, as *Lady Alworth*, declining the trouble of

changing her dress to forward the plots of *Welborn*, Kean was forced to omit the lines

"The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now shines forth as lovely as the spring;"

and the effect of all the scenes dependent on this necessary change was marred in like manner. In that scene of *Second Thoughts* wherein Mrs. Hill enters à la *shabby-genteel*, Mrs. Glover exclaimed, impromptu, "Heavens! where did she get such a bonnet?" and Mrs. Humby, though in the supposed character of a lady of high ton, actually added, "Yes, ma, it is indeed a shocking bad bonnet!" I was more sorry than surprised to find that a general hiss from all parts of the house assailed the fair pronouncer of this exploded vulgarity.

Covent Garden, October 8th.—Did the gentlemen of Denmark in *Hamlet*'s time wear the same dresses as those of Venice in *Shylock*'s time? If not, either the play of *Hamlet* or that of the *Merchant of Venice* is incorrectly dressed at this theatre. The four worthies who brought in *Ophelia*'s coffin wore the watchmen's coats used in a former pantomime, which, departing as they lowered it into the earth, betrayed that they enveloped the forms of the red-breached footmen of the theatre. Mr. Butler, as *Hamlet*, dashed his mother's picture with such violence on the stage, that it skipped along till it reached the stage-box, into which it cleanly leaped and fairly disappeared.

Drury Lane, October 9th.—The part sustained by Miss Cawse in *Mr. and Mrs. Pringle* is named by its author (Don Trueba) *Clarissa Robinson*; why then did Mr. Balls call her *Clarissa Harlowe*?

VARIETIES.

Civilisation of Africa.—A company is projected at Paris of capitalists and resolute men, instructed in science and the arts, for the purpose of proceeding to Africa, and forming an establishment, to be put into immediate and direct communication with the nations of the interior, and to enter into commercial relations that may terminate the war between the Arabs and the Franks, and be susceptible of very extensive diffusion.—*Le Cercle*.

On dit that a Frenchman across the channel has discovered a new method of keeping fish fresh for nearly three weeks!

Penny Evangelism.—Thank the editor for the *Evangelical Magazine*, No. I., with its grim wood-cut of the worthy John Wesley. We think there ought to be five hundred or a thousand more penny papers started.

Sir W. Scott.—Last week a meeting of the friends and admirers of Sir Walter Scott took place at Mr. Murray's, in Albemarle-street, when Lord Dover was called to the chair; and, after some conversation, it was agreed to appoint a committee of noblemen and gentlemen to consider of the best means of testifying their respect for the memory of the mighty dead. Since that period many distinguished persons have been associated in the design, the particulars of which we trust very speedily to communicate to the public.

Alexander Barry, Esq. F.R.S.—This gentleman, the lecturer on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry at Guy's Hospital, has fallen a sacrifice to his love of science. He was dreadfully injured in making an experiment some weeks since at his chambers in Furnival's Inn, and died in consequence, after severe sufferings, on Sunday last.

Buckingham Palace has of late undergone

* *Apocryphal*. This theatre closed somewhat abruptly on Monday, having had a very indifferent season.

some further alterations, which have given a new feature to its external appearance.

David Jones, the Welsh poet, and not the individual whose locker is mentioned by sailors, died last month, aged sixty-nine, at Rhuddlan, Flintshire; in the church of which place he annually sung a carol of his own composing on Christmas day during the last fifty-three years.

Captain Lock, an amateur artist of great talent, perished recently by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat in the Lake of Como.

Sir Walter Scott.—At a public meeting at Edinburgh, attended by distinguished men of all parties, and at which several interesting speeches were delivered, a subscription was opened for a monument to be erected in that capital to the memory of this immortal author. A considerable sum was instantly raised, and has since been largely augmented.

Earthquake in Nova Scotia.—A severe shock of an earthquake was experienced in Nova Scotia on the 12th of August. It lasted about a minute. The last on record in that quarter is of the 22d of May, 1817.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Scriptural Researches, by the Right Hon. Sir George H. Rose, Bart. M.P.

The Memoirs of Dr. Burney, by his daughter, Madame D'Arblay.

A second volume of Lyrical Poems, by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.

Otterbourne, a Story of the English Marches, by the author of "Derwentwater."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. C. must be mistaken in thinking our reference to Mr. Dillon's work could be considered other than a harmless pleasantry. We have no doubt that that gentleman is an ornament to the church.

Observer* is referred to Lit. Gaz. No. 709, article "Miscellaneous Notes on Eclipses," where he will find the following paragraph:—"The darkness that occurred at the crucifixion, and which continued three hours, cannot be attributed to an eclipse of the sun, the passage being kept at the time of the full moon; had even the two luminaries been in conjunction, the darkness could only have lasted four or five minutes, owing to their apparent diameters being so nearly equal."

The aspect of this No. of our Gazette reflects the literature of the day, almost entirely light and evanescent. It is remarkable how very few sterling and lasting works are now published.

We have allowed our reviews this week to trespass over their usual space; but there was little of interest in other branches of our miscellany to press for immediate insertion, and we are yet much in arrears with new publications.

ERRATA.—In the Notes on Comets in our last the following trifling errors may be corrected: p. 634, col. 1, last line but one, for "half oval," read "half, oval;" col. 2, line 17, for "felling," read "filing;" and line 30, for "34 years," read "34 years."—In the poems we quoted from Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book in our last, printing from loose sheets, two errors injurious to their beauty occurred, which we will thank our readers to correct. In the lines on Collingwood, stanza 10, line 1, for "children's fare," read "children's face;" and the last blank verse sketch on the Booth Temple of Sensat. 1. 16, for "sterlike," read "stormlike."—From receiving the proof illustrations of the Keepsake in a bygone cover, we were misled, and stated Messrs. Jeannings and Co. to be the publishers instead of Messrs. Longman and Co.

* Mr. Whiston was the cosmogonist referred to: his "Theory of the Earth" has long been considered a monument of splendid folly.

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